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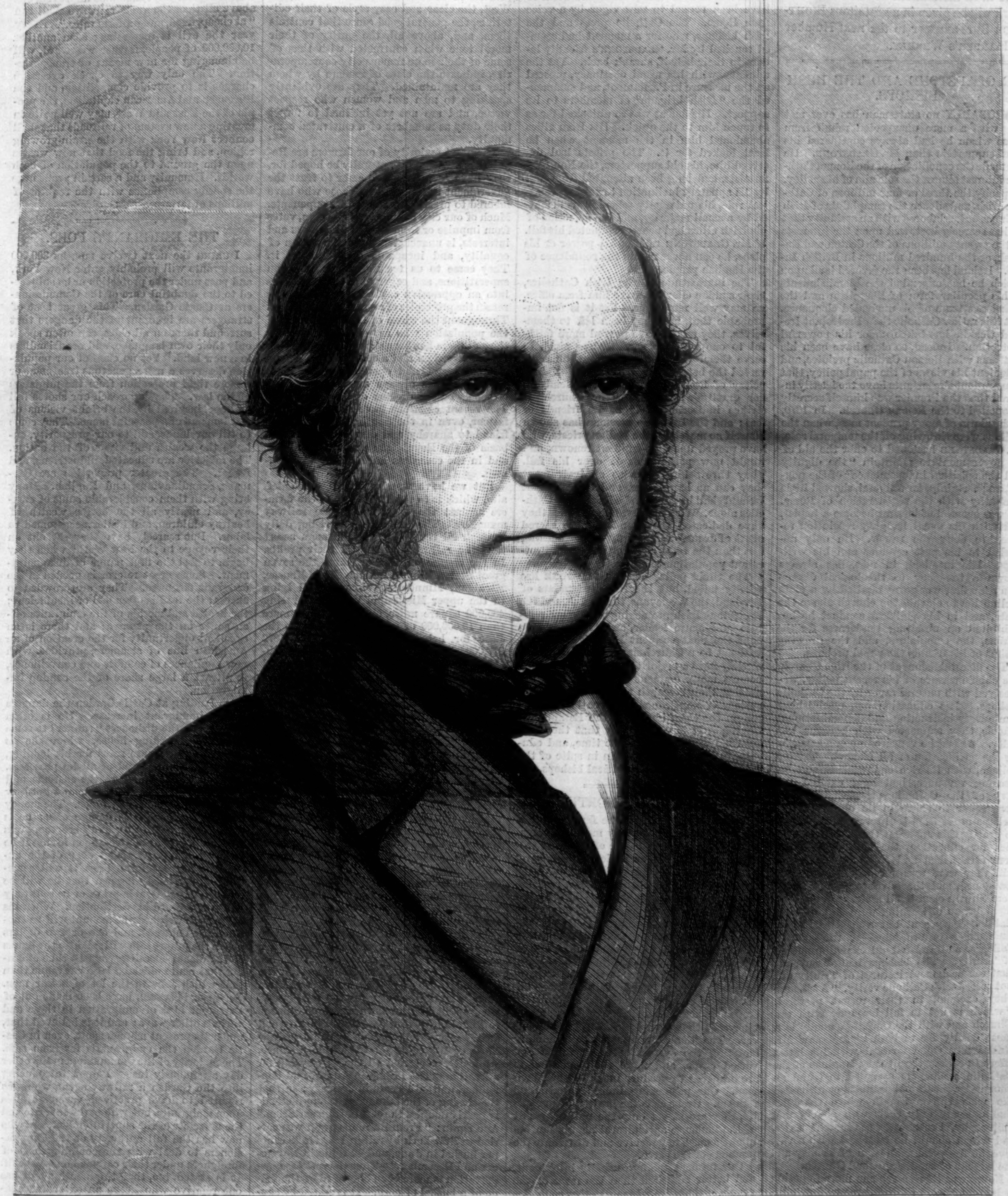

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EVART GLADSTONE, PREMIER OF ENGLAND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, April 5, 1873.

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MR. GLADSTONE AND THE IRISH BISHOPS.

PROBABLY no statesman has ever met with a more unexpected rebuff from those whom he had always considered his chief supporters than Mr. Gladstone. He has made the conciliation of the Roman Catholic interest almost the sole aim of his policy. To pacify the three or four millions of Catholic Irish, and silence the complaints of Irish bishops, he has labored with an assiduity that he has scarcely bestowed upon the interests of the twenty millions of the Scotch and English, or the hundred millions in British India. Ireland has been the favored land upon which he has expended the blandishments of his peculiar form of liberalism and the ceaseless stream of his unrivaled eloquence. But it is rather Catholic than Protestant Ireland that he has taken under his powerful protection. Indeed, so close have been his relations with Roman Catholic prelates, and so lenient his views of the papal policy, that many ardent Protestants have too hastily inferred that the Premier was himself secretly reconciled to the Roman Church. In 1870, to the alarm of many prudent men, when the Italians were throwing off the temporal rule, Mr. Gladstone hastened to offer the aid of his government to maintain "the dignity and the spiritual independence" of the pontiff, and certainly, for a liberal, showed little sympathy with the regeneration of Rome. He was accused of having become a papist, and with his usual haughty resolution refused to deny the rumor. He only appealed to his past conduct and his writings. His intellect, in fact, has always shown a tendency to theological discussion; his first work was marked by a plain inclination to elevate the church above the state, and in his political conduct he has exhibited an unfailing tenderness for the whims, the complaints, and the growing claims of his friends the papal prelates.

The disestablishment of the Irish Church, the chief measure of his recent policy, was received with natural favor by the Catholic bishops. His education act, establishing compulsory instruction and denominational schools, they supported with perhaps less ardor. At last he ventured upon a measure for the pacification of all Ireland. Trinity College, with its rich endowments and increasing revenues, had long excited the envy of the Catholic priesthood. They were eager to share in its opulence, and perhaps profit from its literary advantages. To gratify this apparent thirst of the Catholics for education, the Queen's Colleges were established and Maynooth endowed. Still they were unsatisfied. The test was abandoned, and the advantages of Trinity were thrown open to all sects. Yet still the papal lovers of learning were full of complaints. They sent but a small array of students—a forlorn hope—to the Queen's Colleges, and resisted all the allurements of Trinity. The bishops had discovered that the books and lectures of Trinity did not accord with Catholic verity. "A school," they exclaim, in their recent pastoral, "which is not in full harmony with the Church and with the Christian family is a most deadly foe to both." And now Mr. Gladstone came forward with his latest effort to satisfy the literary longings of the Catholic Irish. He proposed to found an immense educational establishment, called the Irish University, in which Catholics should study only their own history and philosophy, Protestants a different series, and which should be endowed with a vast revenue from the spoliation of Trinity and the wrecks of the Established Church.

Never was there a scheme more imposing or less rational. Of the three or four millions of Catholic Irish it is probable that not one-third of suitable age can read and write. The reason the Catholic youth had modestly avoided the Queen's Colleges and the open fellowships of Trinity was because they had never mastered the elementary branches of learning. To begin the education of Catholic Ireland by creating an Oxford or a Parisian Latin Quarter at Dublin was a plain absurdity. Even the Romish priests were sensible of the Premier's blunder, and mildly suggested, in a friendly note, that what the Catholic provinces wanted was "suitable preparatory instruction." Another fatal difficulty interposed. The Jesuit councils at Rome had laid their interdict on the whole project. They would have nothing but a Catholic university, controlled by bishop and priest. There should be no compromise. They would never suffer their students to be examined in books denounced in the *Index*, or submit their delicate and easily shaken faith to the destructive influence of Protestant examiners. Cardinal Cullen and Archbishop Manning seem to have been roused to new vigor by a voice from Rome. The Catholic press and the Irish bishops, who for a moment had seemed touched by Mr. Gladstone's friendly labors in their behalf, shrank back. Yet the minister, with his usual obstinacy, pressed on the measure in Parliament, and summoned the "Irish brigade" of members to its support. His defeat was so unlooked for as to touch him to the quick. His Irish allies abandoned him in the moment when he least looked for it. The priests had deceived him, his old supporters, the Non-conformists, had long been alienated from him by his apparent inclination toward a prelatical rule, his university scheme was defeated by a small majority, and the defection of his Irish allies had nearly completed his fall. If Mr. Gladstone retains his power or his place, he can never regain the confidence of the English people.

The ingratitude of the Irish Catholics, their sudden effort to drive him from office, he may well remember. Yet it is not improbable that, had they been left to themselves, they might have proved more faithful to one who has sacrificed so much to serve them. But the voice from Rome directed the betrayal of Mr. Gladstone. The policy of Rome knows neither friendship nor gratitude; to serve "the Church" it strikes indiscriminately at its friends or foes; and the British statesman has shown himself no match for the Italian priests, who have preyed upon his eminent renown, and would now perhaps exult over his fall. They throw him aside as an instrument they can no longer use, and demand that Ireland shall be ruled and educated by Catholics alone. With medieval mummeries they have dedicated the island to "the sacred heart of Jesus," and plainly intend nothing less than the total subjugation of its Protestant population to a priestly despotism.

The timid policy of Mr. Gladstone has wholly failed, but the Non-conformists of England, the Wesleyans, the Scotch, and the Protestant Irish are asking for a more resolute and acute leader, and it is probable that the next eminent English statesman will not be a Churchman. The Dissenters already form a majority of the nation; they possess many eminent intellects; they are uniting their strength to enforce a general system of non-sectarian education, and to reform the chief abuses of the Established Church. It is quite likely that they will reform Ireland at the same time, and educate its ignorant population in spite of the doleful clamors of its Jesuitical bishops.

THE CRY OF THE NORTHWEST.

The rapid growth of the farming interest, now clamoring for new means of transportation to the sea, is one of the most satisfactory traits of our national prosperity. Every where, the census shows, new fields are opening to agricultural labor, and the products of the earth increase in a higher proportion than population. There seems no limit to the food-yielding capacity of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the immense tracts of virgin land that lie around the course of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The older Western States still retain their unsurpassed productiveness, while California has become even more renowned for its immense crops of wheat, its fruit, its gardens, and its vineyards than for its yield of gold and silver. The Southern States are gradually adopting the system of small farms and varied crops, and more than ever before are prepared to produce much of their own food. Our people are, indeed, a nation of farmers. Great as is the growth of our cities, they are as yet only the natural result of the immense agricultural population behind them. They receive and distribute the products of the earth.

Our farmers, too, are usually intelligent, and better educated than the mass of the people of the cities. In most other countries the opposite is true. The European capitals, formed by an unnatural attraction of court and camp, concentrate the intelligence of the nation. The farmers of France are seldom educated; the farmers of England are fatally ignorant. But the American farmer, who has made his home in some new region of rare fertility, who has won his prosperity by the purest form of industry, commonly reads his newspaper, or three or four of them, educates his children at the public school, and is familiar with all the leading events of modern history and national politics. The school, the press, the church follow him to the wilderness, and some of our most cultivated communities may be encountered in the prairies of Illinois, and hidden among the declivities of Nevada. In our cities, the census shows, the larger proportion of ignorance prevails; in the rural districts, except in the Southern States, the people are nearly all educated. The press is another proof of what we have stated, and the real excellence shown in many of the journals printed in the newest settlements of the West, the clear and easy style of their editorials, the general good sense that controls them, and, above all, the purity of their moral tone when contrasted with that of some of their more famous city contemporaries, indicate the class of readers by whom they are maintained. They are evidently speaking to men and women who respect virtue, and are not yet inclined to forget their duty as members of a cultivated community.

The great majority of our farmers are Republicans. As might naturally be hoped for, they have seen that it is safer to trust the government in the hands of those who have labored to preserve it than of its opponents. Much of our city population is foreign, votes from impulse or from foreign prejudices and interests, is unaccustomed to the notion of equality, and incapable of practicing it. They come to us teeming with European superstitions, and eager to exalt themselves into an oppressive caste. But our farmers retain the principles of republican simplicity. Throughout the whole of that great mass of the population who are engaged in tilling the soil there has been shown an unswerving faith in freedom and a resolution to defend it from secret and open assaults. Their good sense has always detected the plots of rebels or the dreams of foreign priests. The recent elections have shown that the farmer, even in the Southern States, is no friend to anarchy and disunion. The firm basis of the Republican party lies in labor and in the countless hosts of the working-men.

But we have wandered from our chief aim, which is to repeat the cry of the farmers against the extortion of the railway managers. The excitement is rising daily through all the West. The farmers assert that the railway devours all their profits. In the empire of the Northwest the seven great States, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, all lying in the upper Mississippi Valley, embracing 485,000 square miles, and containing more than 10,000,000 of people, are crying to the East for help. They produced in 1872 577,000,000 bushels of corn, 126,000,000 bushels of wheat, 95,000,000 bushels of oats, and a boundless profusion of vegetables and fruits. Their farms were valued in 1870 at $3,227,000,000; their total product in 1872 was estimated at $1,000,000,000. In 1872 Chicago and St. Louis forwarded 100,000,000 bushels of grain and flour; the Northwest yielded nearly 273,000,000 pounds of bacon, hams, etc., and 275,000,000 pounds of pork. The immense feast lay spread before the nations. One obstacle only repelled the eager guests. "The question of the day," we are told by the Hon. W. C. Flagg, president of the Illinois Farmers' Association, "is how to transport all this to the East." The enormous wealth of agricultural produce which we have just reviewed, could it be brought to the wharves of New York, would spread plenty through Europe and America. Owing to the want of transportation, much of it wastes upon the ground.

Of transportation there are only two kinds, water and rail. But for four or five months of the year the water channels are closed. Then, the farmers complain, the railroads raise their prices, and shut them from a market. "During the past year," we are told, "corn was carried from Chicago to Buffalo at $5\frac{1}{2}$ cents per bushel in May, and at $10\frac{3}{4}$ cents from Buffalo by canal to New York, or $16\frac{1}{4}$ cents for the whole distance, while it was carried all the way by rail for a fraction over 25 cents in August and September, and 36.4 cents in January; so that the closing of the lake navigation practically nearly doubles the cost of transportation." And again: "From St. Louis grain was carried to New York by rail in 1872 for 28 cents per bushel in June, and 42 cents in November and December." Thus the cost of transportation is more than one-third of the value of a bushel of corn. It is stated by sanguine farmers that their corn might be brought from Chicago to New York for eight cents a bushel! Mr. Flagg places it at ten cents. They would thus save twenty-six cents on every bushel, and receive a just remuneration for their labor. And the reason, we are assured, that the railways are forced to charge their extravagant rates is because their capitals have been increased enormously above their real cost. Nearly all the railroads of Illinois have been sold under mortgages. The new owners expand the stock to an excessive value. Great fortunes have been made at the cost of the community. Hundreds of dollars are swelled to thousands. In order to pay a sufficient interest on the inflated capital, to satisfy their stockholders, and retain their places, the managers of the railways raise the price of freight, and lay their heavy tax on the farmer and the consumer.

What the people of the Northwest—the granary of nations—now demand is cheap transportation to the sea-board. They urge that the water ways should be improved, but above all that the great railways shall run "at cheap, fixed, and uniform rates." Every year the evil is increasing; soon another 10,000,000 of people, farther westward, will be clamoring for new means of transportation. The only way to check excessive charges is to provide competition, and the European and American capitalists, the people of the East and West, may well unite in creating a new system of railroads that shall connect New York with the grain-growing region, and bring the food that now wastes upon the ground to the population of both worlds. Humanity and a certain profit urge the speedy compliance with the request of millions of farmers.

THE EMIGRANT'S FOES.

During the next twelve months 300,000 immigrants will probably enter New York, and pass under the protection or be subjected to the doubtful care of the Commissioners at Castle Garden. This great host of strangers are ignorant of the dangers that surround them on all sides, can often speak only their own language, and are friendless in a new land. Yet no class of our population deserves a more generous treatment or a more rigid protection from the ministers of the law. They approach our shores full of hope, inspired by the bright visions of freedom and of a peaceful home. They come to till our lands, add to our prosperity, enlarge the wealth and vigor of the nation. The majority are educated, industrious, and frugal. The greater proportion are Germans, Scandinavians, and English. Many bring with them considerable sums of money, and nearly all the better wealth of healthy children, and bodies accustomed to labor. But scarcely have they set out on their voyage to the New World when they begin to feel the first pangs of disappointment. Some great reform is needed in the emigrant steamers. They are crowded to excess; the food is often bad or insufficient; the health and morals of the emigrants often suffer on the passage; and there is an excellent opportunity for the creation of an American line of steamers, provided with new appliances of comfort and convenience, to attract a large share of the coming immigration.

On landing at Castle Garden the dangers of the immigrant increase. He is often tempted by the dishonest "runner" to some notorious boarding-house, where he is charged extortionate rates for his lodging, and may be plundered of all he possesses. Ignorant of the language, the customs, and the laws of the country, he knows not how even to complain of his wrongs. The money he brings with him is foreign coin; he is obliged to exchange it; and here, too, gross frauds are often practiced upon him. If he purchase a railway ticket even of the authorized agents of the lines, it will sometimes mysteriously happen that he will be induced to pay double price, or be sent only half-way toward his destination. When his baggage is weighed the amount will be considerably enlarged, and one or two dollars above the proper rate will fall into the hands of the dishonest railway agent, thus affording that acute official a larger revenue than that which falls to the lot of better men. Fortunes, it is said, have been made out of the great host of emigration in these and various other ways; and it is believed that, under its present management, even in Castle Garden the emigrant is far from safe. The majority of the Commissioners the other day strenuously insisted upon introducing into the Garden a railway agent who was reputed to have practiced various frauds upon emigrants, but who is the favorite and the associate of the superintendent, and who now has the full authority of the Commissioners to deal with the confiding host of foreigners under their care as he may see fit. It is stated, too, that this acute agent has one relative who keeps an extensive emigrant boarding-house, another who is employed in some official position in Castle

Garden; and it is easy to see how he may combine in his own person the lucrative duties of runner, ticket-seller, baggage-weigher, and several other modes of relieving the emigrants of their scanty hoards.

The admission of such a person to their confidence shows of itself that the majority of the present Commissioners are wholly unfit to be intrusted with the protection of the emigrants. They were appointed under the worst influences of the Tammany rule; the public has long demanded their dismissal. Various charges have been made against their management: they have been accused of sectarian and other improper leanings. Their subordinate officials, who control the affairs of the emigrant, are believed to be often utterly corrupt and untrustworthy, yet in their hands falls annually the disposal of $500,000 belonging to the emigrant fund, the management of the asylums and almshouses of Ward's Island, the care and support of the sick or destitute emigrants in various parts of the State, and the exercise of an influence upon the young and helpless intrusted to their charge that must often prove fatal to their morals and their future hopes. If such a man as Müller, the Erie Railway agent, is the especial favorite of the majority of the Commissioners, and is not only suffered to enter Castle Garden, but is the companion and friend of the officers or the superintendent—if by some secret influence, in spite of the condemnation of the whole city press, he forces the president of the board to defend his reputation, and, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of Mr. Commissioner Wallach, who endeavored, with his usual energy, to prevent the action of the majority, is let loose upon the emigrants, there is a natural inference that some gross corruption is hidden in the affair.

The Commissioners of Emigration, indeed, should be men above suspicion, and earnest and resolute in shielding the emigrant from every chance of evil. Their power is immense, their opportunities for good or ill unbounded. Under their control passes nearly the whole tide of emigration that flows from the Old World to the New. Why is it that the Legislature has not long ago removed the existing Commission, reformed the whole management of Castle Garden, and placed the care of the emigrants in the hands of those who are truly their friends? If it neglects its plain duty for another season, it seems probable that the national government will intervene, and take the control of emigration out of its hands. Even Mr. Willy Wallach can not protect his countrymen from their constant dangers. He has always been the emigrants' truest friend, the most unwearied in their cause. Yet he could not exclude Müller. We trust the Legislature will at once pass a tolerable emigration act, and suffer Governor Dix to appoint a commission, the majority of whose members will be the real friends of the emigrant.

SUICIDE AS A SYSTEM.

In the restlessness of modern inquiry there is no question so old and firmly settled as not to be brought again into discussion, nor any proposition too startling to find defenders. If any conviction whatever might be supposed to be rooted by centuries of Christian experience, it is this—that, as a fundamental principle in morals and a clear conclusion of reason, suicide is foolish, cowardly, and impious. Yet some among the so-called liberal thinkers of England are now earnestly affirming that philosophy points out a class of cases in which morality sanctions, and law should regulate, self-destruction as the proper termination of a useless or burdensome life. Like so many other reformers who find the Decalogue obstructive, these benefactors of the human race avoid unpleasant associations with a name by softening the harsh term "suicide" into mild "euthanasia." And the trick is clever, for the respectable old word so applied in a new sense brings with it the familiar attendant ideas of a noble and honorable as well as painless death, and thus the device at once begs and confuses the question at the outset.

Our surprised readers must not fancy this discussion to be a mere exercise of logic upon a paradox. It takes the shape of a project, seriously put forth, for the legalization of suicide under circumstances and with solemnities to be defined by the state. The consent of the individual is of course implied, although that conclusion would not in all cases follow from the arguments used; for the same course of reasoning that would show it to be the duty of society to help people in getting rid of an existence grown intolerable would prove that it must also be its duty to relieve the most terrible and helpless of human miseries by exterminating the insane, with charitable disregard of their choice in the matter. For the present, however, these humane theorists are content to appeal merely to those of their fellow-beings who are capable of deciding for themselves whether it is better to live or die. And the appeal is put on no very elevated ground. The ancients defended the practice with ingenious and eloquent arguments, maintaining it to be an honorable way of evading dishonor; at the worst, an allowable escape from a life which had ceased to be good, and at the best, a desirable entrance upon the soul's eternal existence. Accordingly suicide was fashionable and common among the Romans, and some of their philosophers were held to have added fame to a virtuous life by the serenity and composure with which they dismissed themselves from it. Only timidity was looked upon as no excuse for the act. "He is a coward," says Seneca, "who dies rather than suffer; he is a fool who lives for the sake of suffering." Christianity took the grace from such falsely noble theories by introducing the idea of a Divine will, imposing obedience to a Creator who assigns the term of life. It is no longer possible to defend suicide on ethical considerations, or oppose the Japanese notion of honor to the civilized sense of duty.

But we live in a utilitarian age, and on utilitarian grounds it is possible to construct a sophistical argument in favor of voluntary departure from life when nothing remains but its pains. Why linger here, say these modern advocates of self-destruction, when every breath is a sigh for release, every thought a keen regret for being a burden to others, and every moment only a painful draft upon sympathy, and a waste of time and money that might be better used? The physician can certify to your short term of hopeless agony: your desire and your friends' convenience are met by ending it at once, and society, which will benefit by your cessation, should help you to expedite it. It is not worth while to enlarge on the easy and dangerous extensions of which such a theory is capable, if once admitted, or to point out what a terrible weapon it would put into the hands of the evil-disposed. They are indifferent enough already to the liberty and happiness of others when these stand in the way of their own selfish desires, as the records of lunatic asylums show. The temptation would be infinitely greater to abuse the same appliances in obtaining the legal extinction of their lives. It is not the danger but the essential wickedness of such a scheme that makes it so monstrous. Either there is or there is not a Divine "canon fixed 'gainst self-slaughter." If there is, and all Christian teaching tells us that there is, then the human will must abide the appointed end, even in those rare cases in which the instinctive love of life is conquered by misery.

Discipline for the sufferer and others may, for aught we can know, be more important than any fancied good society would derive from its premature cessation. In this view, unknown to the ancient philosopher we have quoted, no one, however wretched, can be said to live merely for the sake of suffering, and the new theory is reduced to the base conclusion that one who quits life unsummoned, for the sake of escaping either his own pain or the pain of seeing others grieve for him, or the discredit of uselessness, must incur the frank contempt thrown by Seneca on him who dies rather than suffer. The conclusion can only be evaded by taking the position that there is no such thing as a Divine prohibition of suicide. And this denial is implied in the whole argument, for it rests on the assumption that all the purposes of life are ended when disease has destroyed its enjoyment and usefulness. In other words, man is a machine meant for certain activities, and when these become impossible or painful he is worn out, and ought to consider himself a wreck fit to be destroyed. And thus modern materialism takes even lower ground than ancient philosophy did, and makes a mercantile calculation of the profit to society to recommend an act at least inspired by a nobler mistake among the heathen.

NOTES.

If punishment always followed the commission of crime as swiftly as in the case of the young ruffians who recently robbed and stabbed a passenger on a street car in New York, there would be fewer crimes to chronicle. This outrage was committed on Sunday evening, on Monday the desperadoes were arrested, on Tuesday indicted, and arraigned on Thursday; on Friday they pleaded guilty, and were sentenced by Judge Brady to fifteen years in State-prison. The judge very properly refused to admit the plea of drunkenness as a palliation of their crime; he rather regarded it as an aggravation. He was deeply impressed with the present necessity to the peace and good order of society that the punishment of criminals should be prompt as well as severe. No one can question the justice of this position. The murders, robberies, and other outrages which fill the columns of every morning's paper warn us that effective means must be taken to put an end to this reign of terror. Our whole machinery of justice needs to be reformed. Our courts must be made the terror of evil-doers. That sentimental sympathy with criminals which has done so much to interfere with just punishment and to encourage crime should keep in the background until there is better security for honest citizens.

The singular indiscretion of a fighting Carlist priest, known as the Curé of Santa Cruz, has involved Spain and France in a sharp diplomatic correspondence. The French government complained that the curé and his band had killed four French officials on the Northern Spanish Railway, and carried four others into the mountains. In reply Señor Castelar expresses regret at these outrages, but pointedly reminds President Thiers that most of the Carlist bands were equipped in France with the avowed purpose of waging a predatory war in the territory of a sister republic. The Curé of Santa Cruz himself sojourned some time in Bayonne before passing into Spain, and was not interfered with. Numbers of the Carlists wear the uniforms of French Mobiles, and many Frenchmen of noble rank are serving with the insurgents. Many of the insurgent Carlist bands are led by priests, of whose cruelties many shocking details have recently come to light. We read of one who with his own hand flogged several prisoners with such severity that they died under the infliction of the torture. This is the kind of priestly guides and teachers whom the success of Don Carlos would bring into power in Spain.

A humane provision of the conscription law in France, by which the only son of a widow is exempted from military service, incidentally led recently to the commission of a shocking crime. A young peasant named Savin, the only son of aged parents, was desirous to escape conscription; but being robust and vigorous, and not having the means to buy a substitute, he thought the best course was to make his mother a widow. Stealing behind the old man while he was gathering fagots in a wood, the unnatural son deliberately shot him down, and then, as he still gave signs of life, beat him over the head with the gun, and left him for dead. Strange to say, the old man did not die; the son was tried and sentenced to execution for his crime. Had the motive been cupidity, jealousy, passion, or any other form of emotional insanity, the case might not have gone so hard with young Savin; but not to love "la gloire," and to rob France of a soldier's services, were crimes that admitted of no extenuating circumstances.

PERSONAL.

Senator Sumner has been officially informed by the Haytian minister at Washington that a law has been passed directing his full-length portrait to be placed in the Senate and also in the House of Representatives of Hayti.

—The late Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis is to be honored in Boston by a statue to be erected in the Public Garden, the most beautiful of the public grounds of that city.

—The President of the United States has appointed Mr. Thomas Nast an Honorary Commissioner from this country to the International Exhibition at Vienna.

—Baltimore has another great public benefactor, Mr. J. S. Hopkins, who recently deeded to trustees thirteen acres of land in the city for the erection of a hospital for the relief of indigent sick and orphans. Mr. Hopkins has now notified the trustees that he has further dedicated $2,000,000 worth of property for the support and maintenance of the hospital. The buildings are to be on a grand scale, and will be commenced next year.

—Mr. Seward is to be made the subject of a bronze statue to be placed in Fort Hill Cemetery, Auburn. The proposition is that the people of Cayuga County shall raise $10,000 for that purpose, each subscription to be one dollar.

—Commodore Vanderbilt has made what we presume is simply the commencement of a series of benefactions that will place his name in the same category as those of Peabody, Girard, Stewart, Roosevelt, Lenox, Astor, and more recently Mr. Hopkins, of Baltimore. He has given to Bishop M'Tyerie, of the Southern Methodist Church, five hundred thousand dollars to establish a university in Tennessee.

—General Uhrich, who is memorable for his services at Strasburg during the late war, has asked to be retired from service, and been granted a pension of 9000 francs per annum. He is now seventy-one years of age, has been fifty-three years in service, and taken part in sixteen campaigns.

—William Shipman never tippled nor smoked. Behold him now, at ninety-six, a laborer for the Butterly Iron Company, in Derbyshire, England. Why don't the B. I. C. pension the old man?

—Earl Granville has the reputation of giving the neatest thrusts in debate of any member of either House of Parliament. He is now fifty-eight years of age, and has been in public life thirty-four years.

—Editor Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, speaking of Amadeus, thinks he must feel pretty much as the preacher did who sent his hat around for a collection, and on having it returned without a cent in it thanked God that he had got his hat back from that congregation.

—Ex-Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, is not so poorly as some of the newspapers have reported. His mind is clear, his perceptions quick, and his voice strong, while his right limbs are enfeebled by paralysis, and his system weakened by long confinement. He reads much, and takes a lively interest in public affairs.

—M. Anatole Cressent left 120,000 francs for the foundation of a triennial prize for the best lyric drama, and the French government is carrying out the donor's intentions. The Minister of Fine Arts will appoint the jury, of six composers and three dramatic authors, as judges. Only native composers and poets can compete.

—A new and great painter has arisen in Europe, Aivazovsky, a Russian, whose style is said to be modeled from a study of the works of Claude, Salvator Rosa, and Turner. It is versatile, inventive, daring, often inaccurate, but always striking. Foreign critics say that Claude Lorraine and Turner are the only artists comparable to the new celebrity. Six of his pictures are to be sent to the Vienna Exhibition, which will doubtless give him world-wide fame.

—Dr. Parker, at the meeting of the Temperance League recently held in this city, stated that the average man, aged twenty years, in good health, had an average of forty-two years of life, while a social drinker, from the same point of view, had only an average of thirty-five years. The habitually intemperate have a much poorer show. Dr. Parker has made the subject of alcohol and its effects almost a life-long study.

—They say Mayor Havemeyer is a man of inflexibility, yet only last week he was so yielding as to make two loving German hearts one by performing the marriage ceremony. The united ages of the youthful couple were one hundred and twenty-five years. He merely did his duty.

—Mr. Mori, the Japanese minister, will have a pleasant remembrance of this country—say, a *memento mori*—when he returns to his own, in recalling the circumstance that he went to the Inauguration Ball with a Chinese lady in the queer full-dress of that superior country.

—An authorized German translation of Wilkie Collins's *New Magdalen*, now appearing in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, is published in *Das Neue Blatt*, one of the leading literary journals of Germany.

—Mr. Thomas Winans, as well known for inventive genius as for great wealth, occupies his leisure in constructing a musical instrument which is to be played by steam from the top of his house for the benefit of those in and about Baltimore. Mr. Winans's house is the centre of an unbounded hospitality. Mr. Ross Winans, though over seventy, has lately written a book of much research and thought, entitled *One Religion, Many Creeds.*

—Mr. Emile Steiger, the well-known German bookseller and publisher, of this city, has prepared for the forthcoming Vienna Exposition a complete collection of American periodicals, accompanied by an explanatory catalogue showing the characteristics of each periodical represented. He also intends to append to his catalogue a list of original American works (including translations, but excluding all reprints), and an index, "in which the subject-matter of each will be found registered, so that on looking for any special subject one would be referred to the various publications treating of the same." Accordingly, he offers to furnish publishers and authors who wish their works so entered with the necessary blank forms, to be filled up and returned to him.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The extra session of the United States Senate continued through the week, but there was hardly any thing worthy of note in the proceedings. Much of the time was taken up with discussions of the Caldwell case, touching which Senators Conkling and Schurz made lengthy speeches. A large number of appointments by the President were confirmed March 17. On the following day Senator Bogy, of Missouri, denied that any one had charged him with using money in his election, and announced that he would suspend his functions in the cases of others until his own shall have been investigated.

William Foster, who murdered Avery D. Putnam with a car-hook, nearly two years ago, was hanged at the Tombs March 21.

The bill providing for a new Board of Education for this city has been signed by Governor Dix.

The Democratic State Convention of Rhode Island has nominated Charles R. Cutler, of Warren, for Governor.

The Alien Tenure bill was passed by the New York State Senate March 19. The new city charter was reported to the same body March 20. In the Assembly, on the same day, the bill exempting bonds and mortgages from taxation was voted down.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives has declined to expunge the resolutions of censure on Senator Sumner.

The Bull's Head Bank of this city has suspended payment, owing to a large defalcation, by which its capital is said to have been materially impaired.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The British ministerial crisis arising from the adverse vote in Parliament on the Irish University bill was terminated, March 20, by the return of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues to office. The Premier was warmly received by the House of Commons, and his speech was frequently interrupted by rounds of applause. Mr. Disraeli was also loudly cheered when he explained his course in the matter. In the House of Lords, Earl Granville made the formal announcement, while the Duke of Richmond defended the leaders of the opposition in the crisis. The Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone is the fourth son of the late Sir John Gladstone, Bart., and was born in Liverpool on the 29th of December, 1809. He was graduated at Oxford in 1831. One year afterward he was elected to Parliament, following which he was appointed by Sir Robert Peel to a Junior Lordship of the Treasury, and later to the post of Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs. In 1841 he was sworn a member of the Privy Council, and in 1847 was chosen as member for the University of Oxford. Under the Aberdeen administration he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer; but when Lord Palmerston took the government, in 1855, he resigned the place, resuming it, however, in June, 1859. He succeeded Mr. Disraeli as Prime Minister in December, 1868, and has made his term of office memorable by the passage of the Irish Church Disestablishment act in 1869, the Irish Land act in 1870, the abolition of purchase in the army in 1871, and the negotiation of the Treaty of Washington in the same year. As an author Mr. Gladstone is chiefly known by two works—that on *Church and State*, and his work on the *Homeric Poems*. The former was the subject of one of Lord Macaulay's critical essays in the *Edinburgh Review*.

It is reported that the English steamer *Petersburg*, from Amoy to New York, was lost off the Bermuda Islands recently. She had a cargo of tea on board, valued at over $2,500,000, a portion of which was saved in a damaged condition.

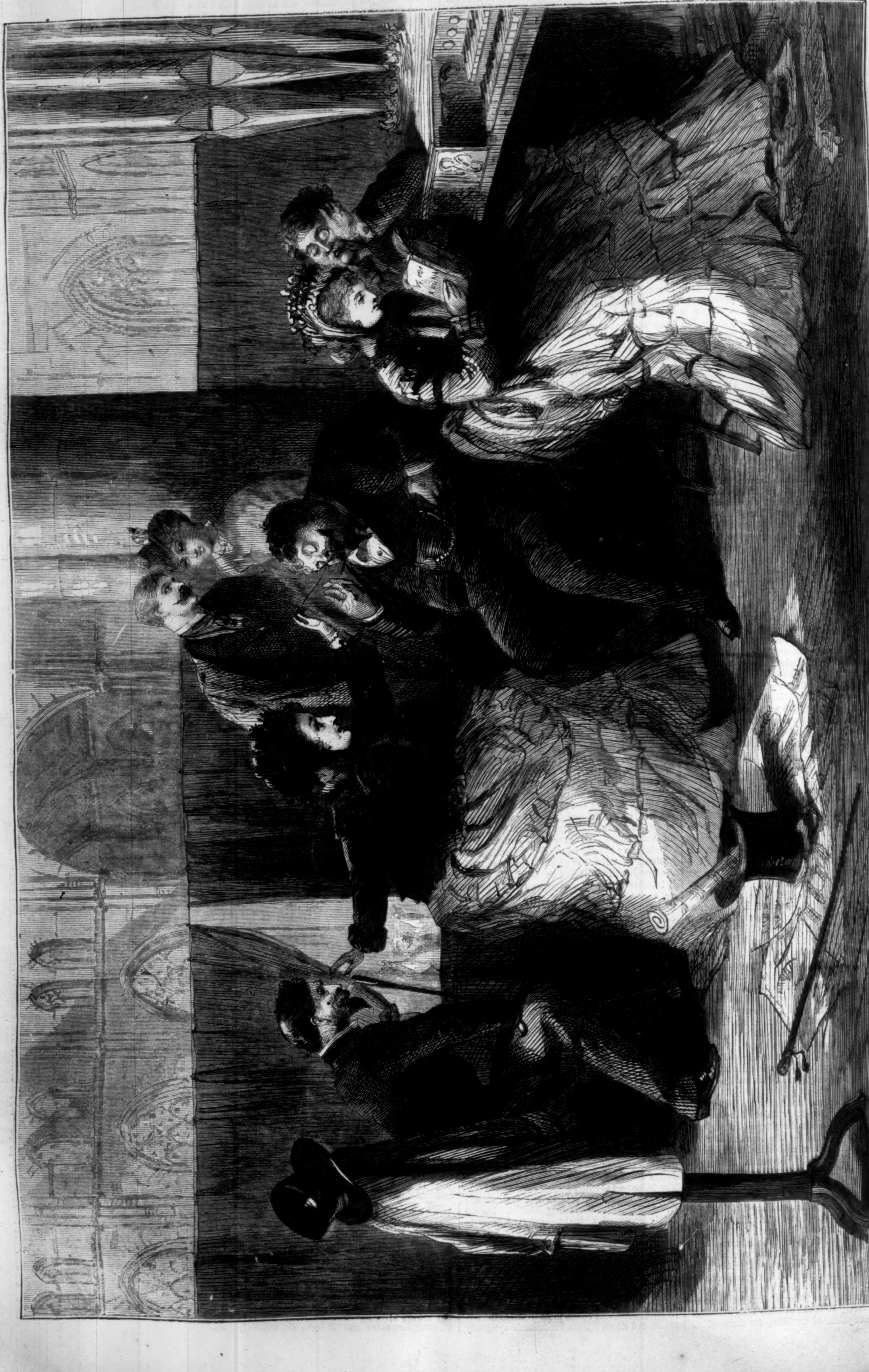
There has been but little change in Spanish affairs during the week. A rousing victory of the government troops under General Castrano is reported as having taken place near Pampeluna. The bill providing for the immediate abolition of slavery in Porto Rico passed by a unanimous vote in the Spanish Assembly March 22.

According to the annual budget of the French Minister of Finance, presented to the National Assembly, no further loans will be needed to complete the payments of the German war claims.

The French and German treaty was unanimously ratified by the French Assembly March 19. It provides for the payment of the war indemnity, and the entire evacuation of French territory by the Germans.

Hon. James L. Orr, minister of the United States to Russia, was formally received by the Czar March 19.

The yellow fever is raging among the fleets at Rio Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco, and at Para the cholera is epidemic. The United States fleet has left Rio.



SACRED OPERA—BEHIND THE CHOIR CURTAIN DURING THE SERMON.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Poem on Page 270.]

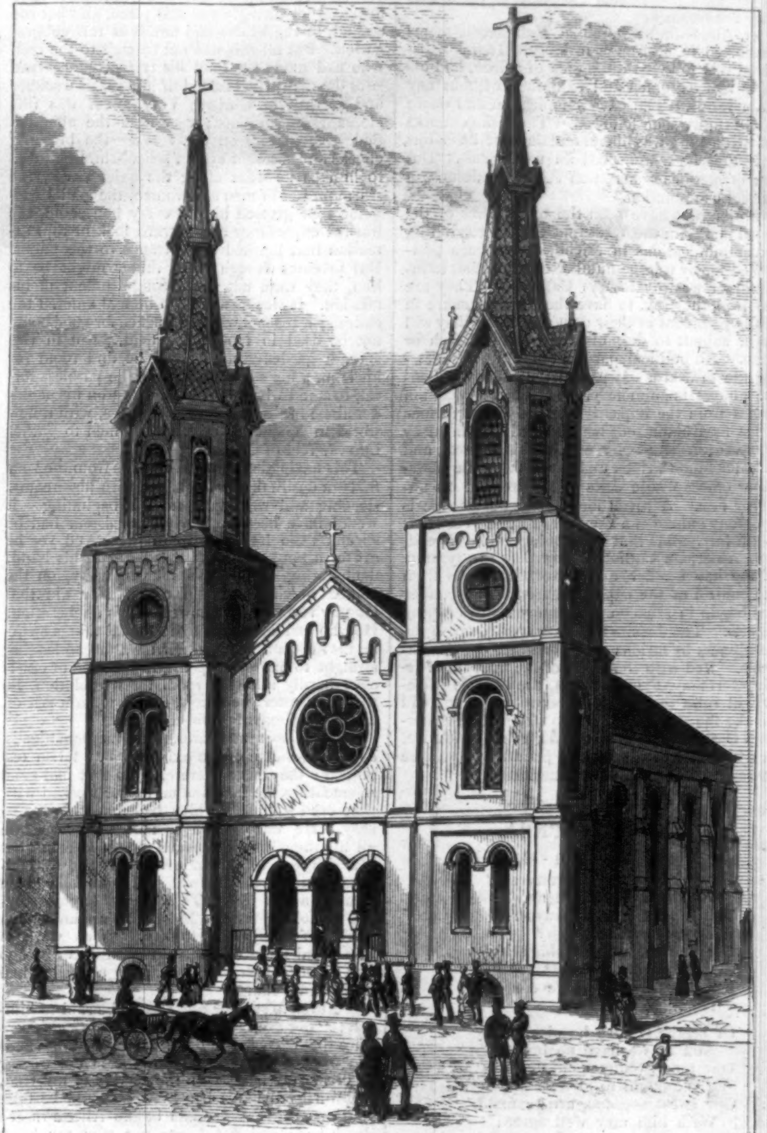
PATRICK BUNBURY.

A VICTIM OF EXCOMMUNICATION.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

While Germany, Italy, Spain, in fact almost every European nation, is forced by the aggressive action of the papal power to restrict by penal laws the interference of the Romish bishops in its temporal affairs, a bill has been introduced in the Legislature of Michigan having the same object in view. It is designed to limit the unbounded right of excommunication now asserted by the Papal Church, and it provides that if any archbishop, bishop, etc., of any religious sect shall excommunicate any member of his communion for commencing a suit at law against the Church or its authorities, he shall be liable to fine or imprisonment. The origin of this measure was a painful act of oppression exercised by a Catholic bishop upon an innocent and highly respected citizen of the Romish faith at Kalamazoo, who was ruined by the dishonesty, and died, it is stated, from the effects of a cruel anathema, of his Church. In 1856, it seems, it was found necessary to build a new Roman Catholic chapel (St. Augustine's) at that place. Father Lebel was the priest and Bishop Lefevre the diocesan, both of whom have since died. The funds for the new building were raised by subscription, but as they were not sufficient for the purpose, Lebel borrowed money at different times from Patrick Bunbury, a wealthy farmer, an excellent and honorable man, who at first was induced to give his notes for various sums, and finally to mortgage his farm, the chief part of his property, to secure the creditors. He was assured by both bishop and priest that he should be promptly repaid. By the Roman Catholic practice the bishop becomes the owner of all church property, however obtained. Bishop Lefevre held the title to the land and the church building at Kalamazoo. In March, 1869, he died, and Bishop Borgess took his place. Mr. Bunbury, oppressed by the debts he had incurred for the new building, which amounted to about $10,000, now applied to Bishop Borgess for aid. Father Lebel informed the bishop of the nature of the transaction, and the latter assured Mr. Bunbury that he would execute a mortgage to him on the church property (worth over $100,000) to protect him from all risk. But Father Lebel died suddenly, and under strange suspicions, in 1871, and it was suggested by the Catholics that he had applied the money obtained from Mr. Bunbury to his own purposes. The bishop on this pretext refused to admit Mr. Bunbury's claim, and driven by necessity, and threatened with the loss of his farm by a foreclosure, Bunbury commenced a suit against the bishop to recover the money he had advanced.

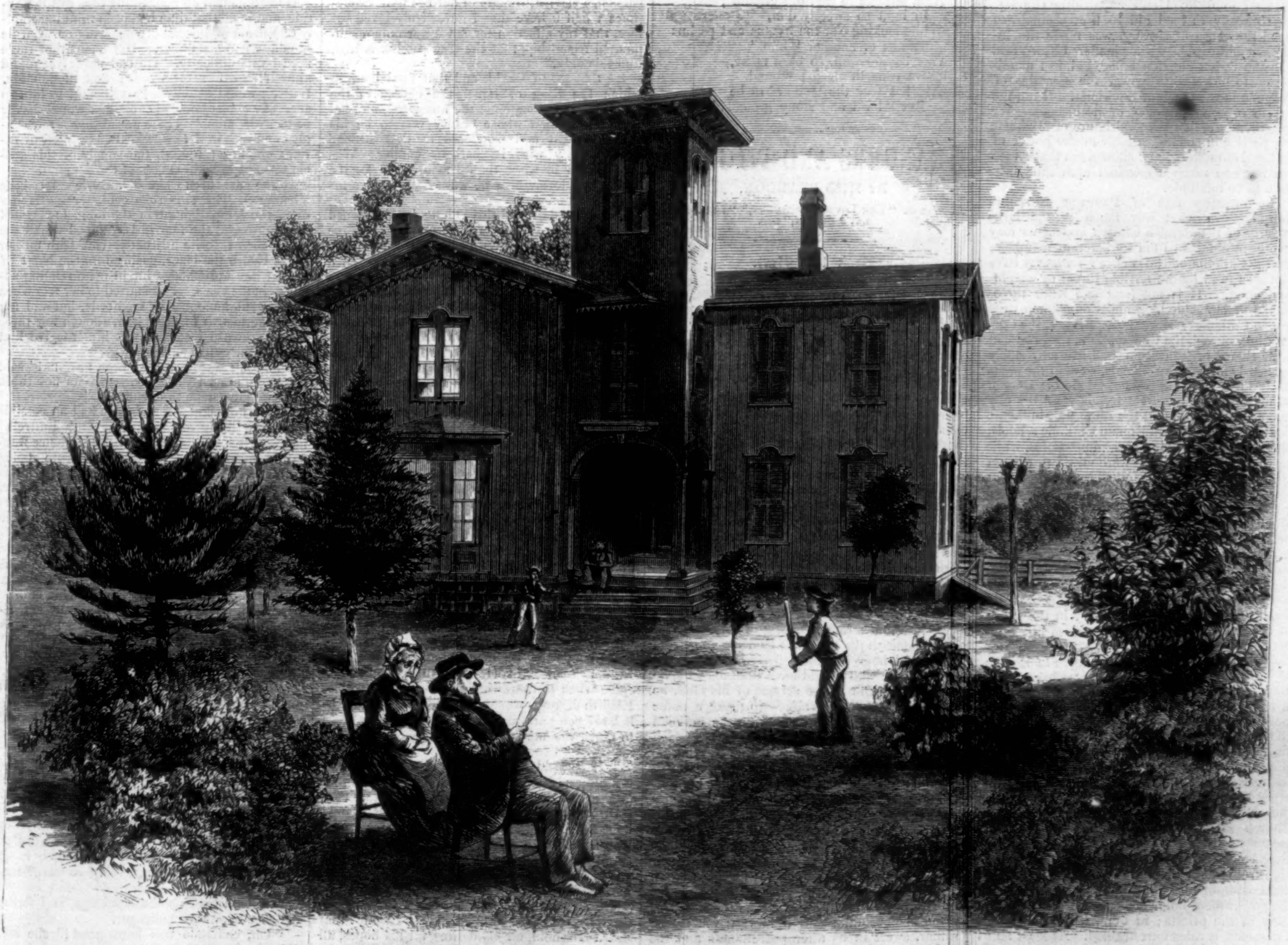
Bunbury was nearly seventy years old. He was a devout Roman Catholic; he had given the earnings of his life to his Church; he was esteemed by all the community. But he soon learned that his effort to obtain justice had gained him the bitter hatred of the bishop and the Romish authorities, and when, on the occasion of Bishop Borgess's visit to the church last fall, Bunbury, as was his custom, went forward to join in the communion, the bishop motioned him away with his hand, and read aloud his sentence of excommunication. He was cut off from the Church he had served, he was severed from its rites and privileges, and numbered among the lost. Astonished, terrified, he asked his offense; he was told that he was excommunicated "for having sued a bishop of the Church."



THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

The old man yielded to the terrible blow. He begged the bishop to recall the anathema. He was told that he could only be relieved from his sentence upon discontinuing the suit. Bankruptcy and ruin awaited him on the one hand, eternal condemnation, he believed, on the other. He consented to all the bishop required, sent to him a certificate of the discontinuance, and, we presume, was restored to the favor of his oppressor. But the loss of his property, and the painful mental trial to which he was subjected, soon brought him to the grave. He died a short time ago, and his unhappy fate has awakened the sympathy and the indignation of his fellow-citizens. A bill to limit the power of bishops has been introduced into the Legislature, and the Kalamazoo *Telegraph*, from which we take some of the chief particulars of the story, advocates its passage with praiseworthy zeal.

The only fault charged against Patrick Bunbury was that "he had sued a bishop." It is stated by his friends that the alleged misappropriation of the money by Father Lebel is untrue; that it was only a pretext offered to avoid a just debt. But however this may be, the case of Bunbury presents a striking instance of the complete subjection in which Roman Catholic bishops hold their dioceses. A bishop may rob a member of his Church of all his property, may consign him to bankruptcy and the grave, yet the victim has no means of relief. He is forbidden to apply to the courts of his country. If he brings a suit to recover his money, he is excommunicated. The bishop, it seems, is above the law. Whatever crimes he commits, whatever vices he may practice, however unfit he may be to hold an honorable office, no devout Roman Catholic, it would seem, dares bring him to justice, or even utter a complaint; for the bishop may reply with an anathema from which there is no appeal; and the case of Patrick Bunbury and Bishop Borgess throws a terrible light upon that system of intimidation that prevails throughout the whole Roman Catholic sect in this country, and which reduces all its members to a condition of abject slavery. How many unfaithful bishops there are among us, how many hapless objects of their cruelty or their vice, no one is permitted to know. The victims are forbidden to complain. The Roman Catholic bishops hold in their hands all the immense property of their Church; they may squander or



PATRICK BUNBURY AT HOME.—[From Photographs furnished by Mr. H. L. Bingham, Kalamazoo, Michigan.]

misappropriate it; they may waste it in politics, consume it in riotous excesses, or send it to Rome to support the Jesuits and the Pope; they may establish treasonable journals in our great cities, or aid the progress of rebellion and discontent, yet an impenetrable secrecy hangs over all their conduct. Their own people are silenced, and the Protestant community sees nothing of the inner movements of their vast and powerful organization. The Roman Catholic bishop is accountable only to the Pope and the Jesuits for his actions, and his only aim is to further the policy of his foreign masters.

No other sect is laboring among us to extend the power of a foreign potentate, or to satisfy the ambition and avarice of the Jesuit chief. But every Roman Catholic prelate is, in fact, the servant of a dangerous association, the enemy of all freedom and human progress, and hence he is of all men least fit to be intrusted with the possession of property in a free country, or to be endowed with any political power. Yet in the State of New York we have granted extraordinary privileges to our foreign prelates. By the law of 1813, which was designed chiefly to prevent the oppressive rule of a priesthood, the property of every church could only be held by trustees elected by its people. The element of popular rule was thought indispensable in all ecclesiastical matters. But by the law of 1863, wrung from corrupt politicians and the servile Democracy, the Roman Catholic Church was suffered to hold its property in its own way. The bishop and the trustees appointed by him now control the funds of each church. The people have no rights nor influence, and hence the despotic power of the bishop and his foreign master in all our domestic affairs. Will none of our legislators see that this dangerous privilege is at once withdrawn? At least the Papal Church should have no greater license than the Presbyterian or the Episcopal.

But the question which has risen up even in Michigan, and which is agitating every European country, must also be determined by us. It is the anathema that now forms the chief weapon by which the Jesuits terrify and subdue the minds of their people. The fear of excommunication holds in check the bitterest enemies of the tyrannical society. They hurl it against their opponents with audacious recklessness. Sure of the support of the Pope, they fear nothing. Excommunication has reduced the German Church to subjection, and terrified the Church of France. To weaken the force of excommunication Germany has passed its most stringent laws, and Switzerland has expelled its contumacious bishop. But in our country the laity have no one to shield them from the tyranny of the priest. "To sue a bishop" is, it seems, an offense inexpiable. To oppose for a just cause the tyranny of a spiritual ruler is held worthy of the irrevocable doom. It is no wonder that our Roman Catholic population, usually ignorant, fanatical, and superstitious beyond even that of Italy or Spain, has been so often driven by its masters into disloyal and unpatriotic courses, was so ready to lend aid to the rebellion, so helped the cause of slavery, was made the instrument of the robbers who plundered New York, or in the recent election labored almost unanimously to bring into power the assassins of Georgia and the rebels of Louisiana. It did not dare to oppose the policy of its bishops. We trust, therefore, that the Legislature of Michigan may persist in striking a blow at the power of the Romish prelates, and show them that American law can reach a criminal even though he claim to be infallible.

The unhappy fate of Patrick Bunbury shows, too, in what way much of the large property of the Romish Church among us may have been obtained from its ignorant members, how the Catholic officials of New York may have been overawed by the terrible threat of excommunication. It is not long ago since three-fourths of our Aldermen and Councilmen were Roman Catholics; since the Controller, the Corporation Counsel, the Chamberlain, the president of the Board of Education, and, we may safely say, nearly all our city officials, were of the same persuasion. During that period of Roman Catholic rule all the great frauds upon the city were perpetrated, and at the same time immense donations were made to Roman Catholic schools, colleges, charities, nunneries, monasteries, while the people looked on and were afraid to cry out against their spoilers. We believe no intelligent Roman Catholic denies that what we have stated is true; but if honest Patrick Bunbury was afraid to protect his own property, it is easy to see how abjectly our guilty officials must have groveled before priest and bishop. To purchase absolution how lavishly they must have endowed Romish charities and pressed on the labors of their Church! It would seem dangerous, indeed, to intrust the public money in the hands of any man who is liable to be treated like Patrick Bunbury.

In a recent address to a deputation of Roman nobles the Pope declared that "Christ loved the aristocracy, that he chose himself to be born a noble." We must doubt the accuracy of the pontiff's interpretation, for we believe Christianity to be the religion of the people. But it is certain that such a form of aristocracy or oligarchy as the Roman Catholic bishops have created among us must bring upon them the condemnation of every wise and thoughtful citizen. They insist not only upon controlling the minds of their Church members, but would even take their property at will. They would hold them in ignorance, drive them from the ever-open school, hide from them their common rights, and rule them without appeal. In every other country the government holds some check upon the tyranny of the priests; in ours, where it is most dangerous, it rules unrestrained. At least let us have a system of compulsory education that will oblige even the Roman Catholics to learn that they are freemen.

St. Augustine's Church at Kalamazoo seems enveloped in a strange mystery. It was whispered that Father Lebel died of poison, and his body was exhumed and examined without any plain result. The excommunication and death of Bunbury soon followed. The bishop admits that Bunbury was liberal and devout; he claims only that he commenced an unjust suit. But the mysterious transaction seems to deserve a careful examination.

So flagrant have been the oppressions of the papal clergy in the West that the bill regulating excommunications in Michigan has been petitioned for by a large number of educated, influential, or wealthy Roman Catholics. They are resolved, they say, to have their proper share in the government of their own churches; they will never submit to despotism either in church or state. All political parties, too, unite in pressing the measure. It passed the Michigan Senate almost unanimously. The chief opposition comes from the impassive bishop and a furious priest at Kalamazoo, who reviled the memory of Patrick Bunbury even at his funeral, and threatens mobs, riots, and the sack of the newspaper offices whose editors have related his unhappy fate. A revolt against the Jesuit rule is apparent among the Catholics of the West. It is not impossible that the revolution may spread, that American Catholics may defy the tyranny of the hated order, and drive the Jesuits from the control of the papal councils. The contest has begun in Michigan that may lead to lasting results. The Jesuits will endeavor to crush the petitioners by furious threats and excommunications. Red with the blood of the martyrs of Italy, Germany, France, Spain, the strange society will raise the cry of persecution. They will invoke the aid of the Pope to strike down American Catholics, to confirm their rule of violence. It will be seen how far the pontiff will venture to sustain the enemies of American law.

SACRED OPERA.

[See Illustration on Page 268.]

Now are we not a pretty set?
  Who can the fact deny,
That choir singers always feel
  Perhaps a trifle high?
For e'en the minister himself
  Our standard can not reach,
But, far below, is quite content
  Humility to teach.

Of brotherly love he also tells;
  And as we have no brother,
Our tenor, funny man, declares
  "We ought to love each other."
Our sweet soprano, artless maid,
  With him may well agree:
The tenor of her thoughts is toward
  The tenor—don't you see?

And, strange to say, our organist,
  In light so sweetly dim,
While looking o'er the hymns and psalms
  Thinks of another "him."
Our basso—well, so base is he,
  He rests in sleep profound.
Alas! I fear the "choir" to be
  But "hard and stony ground!"

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book the First.

CHAPTER XII.

"A man can have but one life and one death,
One heaven, one hell. Let me fulfill my fate.
Grant me my heaven now! Let me know you mine,
Prove you mine, write my name upon your brow,
Hold you and have you, and then die away,
If God please, with completion in my soul!"

Mr. Forde's letters brought a more definite response than he had looked for. One of the chief members of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel wrote, strongly urging him to lend himself to that vast work. It was just such men as he who were wanted, and the need for such was great. A new mission to a land of more than Cimmerian darkness was on foot; the harvest was ready, had long been waiting for the sickle, but fitting laborers were few. The letter was long and eloquent, and went home to Malcolm Forde's heart.

From the first, from that first hour in which the slumbering depths of his spirit had been stirred with a sudden rush of religious enthusiasm—like that strange ruffling of Siloam's still waters beneath the breath of God's angel—from that initial hour in which, beside the clay-cold corpse of her who should have been his wife, he dedicated his life to the service of his God, he had meant to do *something*—to make a name which should mark him out from the unnoted ranks of the church, to accomplish a work which should be in itself the noblest monument that he could raise to the memory of his lost bride. Not in a quiet country parish could he find the fullness of his desires. It was something to have made a ripple upon this stagnant pool; something to have stirred the foul scum of indifference that had defiled these tideless waters. But having done this successfully, having awakened new life and vigor in this slumberous flock, he began to think in all earnestness that it was time for him to be moving forward. The life here was in no manner unpleasing to him; it was sweet, rather, sweet in its utter peacefulness and the fruition of all his present desires. He knew himself beloved and honored; knew himself to have acquired unwittingly the first place, and not the second, in the hearts and minds of this congregation. But all this was not enough to the man who had made St. Paul his typical churchman—to the man who boasted of himself as a soldier and servant of Christ. Very sweet was this pleasant resting-place; very dear the affection that greeted him on every side—the blushing cheeks and reverent eyes of school-children lifted to him as he went along the quiet street, the warm praises of men and women, the genial welcome that greeted him in every household, the hushed expectancy and upward look of rapt attention that marked his entrance to the pulpit. But precious though these things might be to him, they were not the accomplishment of his mission. It was as a pilgrim he had entered the church; a teacher whose influence for good could not be used in too wide a field. Not in this smooth garden-ground could he find room for his labor; his soul yearned for the pathless forest, to stand with the pioneer's axe on his shoulder alone in the primeval wilderness, with a new world to conquer, a new race of men to gather into the fold of Christ.

This having been in his thoughts from the very first—a desire that had mingled with his dreams, sleeping and waking, from the beginning—it would have been curiously inconsistent had he shrunk from its realization now. And yet he sat for a long time with that letter in his hand, deliberating, with a painful perplexity, on the course which he should take. Nor did that lengthy rêverie make an end of his deliberation. He who had been wont to decide all things swiftly, his life-path being so narrow a thread leading straight to one given point, his scheme of existence hardly allowing room for irresolution, he was now utterly at fault, tossed upon a sea of doubt, perplexed beyond measure.

Alas, almost unawares, that mathematically adjusted scheme of his existence had fallen out of gear: the wheels were clogged that had gone so smoothly, the machine no longer worked with that even swiftness which had made his life so easy. He was no longer able to concentrate all his thoughts and desires upon one point, but was dragged to this side and to that by contending influences. In a word, he had given himself a new idol. That idea of foreign service, of toiling for his Master in an untrodden world, of being able to say, "This work is mine, and mine only!" which a little while ago had been to him so exhilarating a notion, had now lost its charm.

"Never to see her any more," he said to himself; "not even to know her fate! *Could* I endure that? Oh, I know but too well that she is not worthy of my love, that she is not worthy to divide my heart with the service of my God, not worthy that for her sake I should be false to the vow that I made beside Alice Fraser's death-bed; and yet I can not tear my heart away from her. Sometimes I say to myself that this is not love at all, only a base earthly passion, a slavish worship of her beauty. Sometimes I half believe that I never truly loved before, that my affection for Alice was only a sublimated friendship, that the true passion is this, and this only."

He thought of David, and that fatal hour in which the King of Israel, the chosen of the Lord, walked alone upon the house-top, and beheld the woman whose beauty was to be his ruin; thought and wondered at that strange solemn story with its pathetic ending. Was he stronger or wiser than David, when for the magic of a lovely face he was ready to give his soul into bondage?

For three days and three nights he abandoned himself to the demon of uncertainty; for three days and three nights he wrestled with the devil, and Satan came to him in but too fair a guise, wearing the shape of the woman he loved. In the end he conquered, or believed that he had conquered. There was no immediate necessity for a decisive reply to that letter, but he determined to accept the mission that had been offered him; and he began to make his arrangements with that view.

Having once made up his mind as to his future, it was of course his duty to communicate that fact to the vicar without loss of time. So upon the first evening that he found himself at liberty he walked out to the Vicarage to make this announcement. It was an evening at the beginning of March—gray and cold, but calm withal, for the blusterous winds had spent their fury in the morning, and there was only a distant mysterious sound of fitful gusts sweeping across the moorland ever and anon, like the sighing of a discontented Titân. There was a dim line of primrose light still lingering behind the western edge of the hills when Malcolm Forde passed under the bar and out into the open country that lay beyond that ancient archway. He looked at the dim gray landscape with a sudden touch of sadness. How often had his eyes looked upon these familiar things without seeing them! The time might soon come when to remember this place, in its quiet English beauty, would be positive pain, just as it had been pain to him sometimes in this place to recall the mountains and lochs of his native land.

"If I could have lived here all the days of my life with Elizabeth for my fellow-worker and companion!" he thought. "I can conceive no existence happier than that, if I could be satisfied with small things. But for a man who has set all his hopes on something higher, surely that would be a living death. I should be stifled in the languid sweetness of such an atmosphere."

He thought of himself with a wife and children, his heart and mind filled with care for that dear household, all his desires, all his hopes, all his fears, converging to that one centre—only the remnant of his intellectual power left for the service of his God.

"A man can not serve two masters," he said to himself. "Sweet fancy, sweet dream of a wife and a home, I renounce you! There are men enough in this world with the capacity for happiness. The men who are most needed are the men who can do without it."

The curate stood for some moments before the Vicarage gate with a thoughtful air, but instead of opening it, walked slowly on along the waste border-land of unkempt turf that edged the high-road. Just at the last moment that new habit of indecision took hold of him again. He had hardly made up his mind what to say. He would find Mr. Luttrell with his daughters round him most likely. Elizabeth's clear eyes would peruse his face while he pronounced his sentence of banishment. He was not quite prepared for this interview, and strolled on meditatively, in the cold gray twilight, wondering at his own unlikeness to himself.

"Will she be sorry?" he wondered, "just a little grieved to see me depart out of her life forever? I remember when I spoke of my missionary schemes, that day I told her the story of my life, there was a shocked look in her face, as if the idea were dreadful to her. And then she began to talk of missionaries, with the air of a school-girl, as a low sort of people. She is such an unanswerable enigma: at times deluding one into a belief in her soul's nobility, at other times showing herself frivolous, shallow, empty in brain and heart. Yet I think—after her own light fashion—she will be sorry for my going."

Then arose before him the image of Lord Paulyn, and the memory of that Sunday luncheon at the Vicarage; the two faces turned toward each other—the man's face ardent, enraptured, and handsome to behold in its mere animal beauty, the girl's glowing with a conscious pride in its beauty—two faces that were of the earth, earthy: a brief scene which seemed like a prelude of a drama in which he, Malcolm Forde, could have no part.

He bethought himself of that mere fragment of conversation he had overheard unawares on the threshold of the vestry, a gush of girlish confidence, in which Elizabeth had boldly spoken of the Viscount as "her slave." He remembered that common talk in which the Hawleigh gossips had coupled Lord Paulyn's name with Elizabeth Luttrell's, and he thought, with a pang, that this was perhaps the future which awaited her. He thought of such a prospect with more than common pain, a pain in which selfish regret or jealousy had no part. He had heard enough of Lord Paulyn's career to know that the woman who married him would prepare for herself a doubtful future; in all likelihood a dark and stormy one.

"If I can get a minute's talk alone with her before I leave this place, I will warn her," he said to himself; "though Heaven knows, if her heart is set on this business, she is little likely to accept my warning."

He wasted half an hour idling thus by the wayside, and in all that time had been thinking wholly of Elizabeth, instead of pondering on what he should say to her father. But about that there need be no difficulty. He had never yet found himself at a loss for words; and though Mr. Luttrell would doubtless be reluctant to lose so energetic a coadjutor, his affliction would hardly be overwhelming. There was always a fair supply of curates in the ecclesiastical market, of various qualities; indeed, the supply of this article was apt to be in excess of the demand.

It was past seven when Mr. Forde entered the Vicarage. The six-o'clock dinner was fairly over, the lamp lighted in the long, low-ceiled drawing-room, the four girls grouped round the fire in their favorite attitudes—Elizabeth on her knees before the blaze, gazing into the heart of the fire like a prophetess intent upon reading auguries in the coals. She started to her feet when the servant announced Mr. Forde, but did not leave the hearth to greet him, though her three sisters crowded eagerly about him to give him reproachful welcome.

"So long since you have been near us!" said Gertrude, almost piteously. "I can not think what we have done to offend you."

"You must know that I have had no possible reason for being offended, dear Miss Luttrell," he answered, cordially, but with his glance wandering uneasily toward that other figure rooted to the hearth. "Your house is only too pleasant, and I have had very little time for pleasure. I see your papa elsewhere; and to come here is only another name for giving myself a holiday."

Gertrude cast up her eyes in a kind of ecstasy.

"What a saint you are!" she exclaimed, "and what a privilege to feel your blessed influence guiding and directing one's feeble efforts! I have felt myself almost miraculously assisted in my poor work since you have been with us, and I look back and remember my previous coldness with a shudder."

"I have no consciousness of my saintship," said Mr. Forde, with a little good-natured laugh, making very light of an elderly young-lady-like worship to which he was tolerably accustomed. "On the contrary, I have a strong sense of being very human. But I am glad if I have been the source of enthusiasm in you, and trust that when I am no longer here to guide or inspire—quite unconsciously again—you will not be in any danger of falling away. But I do not fear that contingency" (this with a somewhat severe glance in the direction of that figure by the hearth), "for I believe you are thoroughly in earnest, and there is no such thing as earnestness without constancy."

Elizabeth took up the challenge, and flashed defiance upon the challenger.

"Oh, Gertrude was born good!" she said. "I wonder papa took the trouble to christen her. It is impossible that she could have been born in sin and a child of wrath, like the rest of us. She is never tired of church-going and district visiting; has no intermittent fever of wickedness, as I have."

"When you are no longer here, dear Mr. Forde!" cried Gertrude, deaf to her sister's sneers, with her hands clasped, and her somewhat faded gray eyes opened very wide, and gazing at the curate with a wild surmise. "You surely do not mean that you are thinking of leaving us?"

"I have been nearly two years at Hawleigh," he answered, quietly; "longer than I intended to remain when I first came here—two very happy years; but I have awakened lately to the conviction that Hawleigh is not all the world, only a very pleasant corner of it, and that if I stamped my name upon nothing larger than a country parish, I shall scarcely have realized the idea with which I entered the Church."

"You have been offered a church in London perhaps?" gasped Gertrude, dolefully.

Diana and Blanche had seated themselves, and watched the little scene with a sympathetic air, regretful, but not despairing. They would be very sorry to lose Mr. Forde, who was tall and good-looking and gentleman-like, and had money of his own; but perhaps the vast ocean of curates might cast up at their feet even a more attractive specimen of that order, a man better adapted for picnics and small tea-drinkings and croquet.

"You are going out as a missionary!" cried Elizabeth, with conviction.

They all turned to look at her, startled by the certainty of her tone. She had not stirred from her position by the hearth, but stood there confronting them, calm as a statue, a curious contrast to the distressed Gertrude, who was wringing her hands feebly, and gazing at the curate with a half-distracted air.

The single lamp stood on a distant table; but even in the doubtful light Mr. Forde fancied that Elizabeth's face had grown suddenly pale.

"You are going out as a missionary," she repeated, as if she had by some subtle power of sympathy shared all his thoughts from the hour in which he briefly touched upon his views in his one confidential talk with her.

"You are good at guessing," he said. "Yes, I am going."

"Oh," cried Gertrude, "it is like your apostolic nature to contemplate such self-sacrifice. But, oh, dear Mr. Forde, consider your health, and the natives."

"I don't think St. Paul ever gave much consideration to his health, or to the question of possible danger from the natives," answered Mr. Forde, with his grave smile; "and if you insist upon comparing me with saints and apostles, you would at least expect me to be as regardless of any peril to myself as the numerous gentlemen who have spent the best part of their lives in this work."

"Those lives may not have been so precious as yours, Mr. Forde."

"Or they may have been much more precious. There are very few to regret me, should the chances of war be adverse."

Again he stole a glance at Elizabeth. She stood firm as a rock, and was now not even looking his way. Her eyes were bent upon the decaying fire, with that customary prophetic look. She might have been trying to read his fate there.

"However," he continued, "the die is cast. I have arrived at the conviction that I am more wanted yonder, to dig and delve that rugged soil, than to idle among the delights of this flower garden. And I came here this evening to announce my determination to Mr. Luttrell. Do you know if I shall find him in his study?"

"Papa has gone into the town, to the reading-room," said Blanche.

"Then I can take my chance of finding him there," said the curate, preparing to depart.

"Oh, Mr. Forde, how unkind to be so anxious to run away, when this is perhaps almost your last visit! You must stop to tea, and you can tell us a little about your plans—how soon" (with a little choking noise) "you really mean to leave us."

"I will stop, with much pleasure, if you like," he answered, putting down his hat, which Gertrude took up with a reverent air, as if it had been a mitre, and removed to a convenient abiding-place. "As to my plans, they are somewhat vague as yet. I have little to tell beyond the one fact that I am going. Only I thought it due to Mr. Luttrell to give him the earliest information of that fact, insignificant as it may be."

"It is not insignificant," exclaimed Gertrude. "Hawleigh never had such a gain or such a loss as you will have been to it. Will it be" (with another little choking interval, like a strangled semicolon) "very long before we lose you?"

"I do not know what you would call long. About a month, perhaps."

"Only a month—only four more blessed Sundays! Oh, Mr. Forde, that *is* sudden!"

"Do not suppose that I am not sorry to go," said Mr. Forde. "I am very fond of Hawleigh. Only that other work is a part of an old design. I have only been trying my strength here."

"Only fluttering your wings like a young eagle before soaring to the topmost mountain peaks," exclaimed Gertrude, with a little gush of poetry, raising her tearful eyes to the ceiling, in the midst of which burst the maid brought in the tea-tray, and Miss Luttrell seated herself to perform her duties in connection therewith, not without a consolatory pride in the silver tea-service. She was the kind of woman to whom even in the hour of despair these things are never quite dust and ashes.

Elizabeth had seated herself in an arm-chair by the fire, on which her gaze was still gravely bent. She made no farther attempt to join in the conversation, but sat silent while Gertrude persecuted the curate with questions about his future career, not consenting to be put off with vague or careless answers, but evincing an insatiable thirst for exact information upon every point.

Scarcely did Elizabeth lift her eyes from that mute contemplation of the fire when Mr. Forde carried her a cup of tea. She took it from him with a murmured acknowledgment, but did not look up at him, or give him any excuse for lingering near her. He was obliged to go back to his chair by the round table at the other end of the room, and sit in the full glare of the lamp, submitting himself meekly to Gertrude's cross-questioning. He bore this infliction perhaps with a greater patience than he might otherwise have shown, for the sake of that quiet figure by the hearth. Against his better judgment, even although the plan of his life was fixed irrevocably, and Elizabeth Luttrell's image excluded from it, there was yet a pensive sweetness in her presence—her silent presence—the sense of being near her.

"What does it matter, if the pleasure is a foolish one?" he thought: "it must needs be so brief."

He staid about an hour, sipping orange pekoe, and talking somewhat reluctantly of his hopes and views, for he was a man who deemed that in these things silence is golden. He tried to turn the thread of talk another way, but Gertrude would not be put off.

"Oh, let us talk of you and your future, dear Mr. Forde," she exclaimed, with her accustomed air of pious rapture. "It will be such a comfort when you are gone to be able to think of you, and follow your footsteps on the map."

The clock struck the half hour after nine, and Mr. Luttrell had not yet appeared, so the curate rose to depart, and went across to the hearth-rug to bid Elizabeth good-night.

"You had better say good-by at the same time," said Diana. "Your visits are so few and far between that I dare say Lizzie will have gone away before we see you again."

"Gone away!"

"Yes; she is going to town in a fortnight, to stay with Aunt Chevenix."

"Indeed." This in a disappointed tone; yet it could matter so little to him whither she went, when he was about to disconnect himself altogether from Hawleigh. Only he disapproved of Aunt Chevenix in the abstract, and it was disagreeable to him to hear that the woman he had admired, and at times even believed in, was about to be subject to her influence.

"I believe you are half a Puritan at heart, Mr. Forde," said Diana, "and that you look upon all fashionable pleasures as criminal. I could read it in your face one day when auntie was holding forth upon her delectable land in the regions of Eaton Square."

"I have no passion for that kind of thing, I admit," answered the curate. "But I trust that your sister Elizabeth will pass safely through that and every other ordeal. If good wishes could insure her safety, mine are earnest enough to count for something."

He shook hands with Elizabeth as he said this. The hand she gave him was very cold, and he fancied even that it trembled a little as his strong fingers closed on it. Then followed Gertrude's effusive farewells. He would come to see them oftener, would he not, now that his hours among them were numbered? Diana and Blanche were also effusive, but in a milder degree, having already been speculating upon the possible attributes of a new curate. In so dull a life as theirs even the agony of such a parting was a not unpleasing distraction, like that abscess in the cheek from which an Austrian archduchess derived amusement in her declining years.

While these farewells were being somewhat lengthily drawn out, Elizabeth slipped quietly from the room. Mr. Forde heard the flutter of her dress, and looked round for a moment, to discover that her place was vacant. How empty did the room seem to him without her!

He dragged himself away from the reluctant Gertrude at last, and felt not a little relieved when he found himself in the open air, under a windy sky; the moon shining fitfully, with swift clouds scudding across her silver face, the night winds sighing among the laurels on the leafy bank that shadowed the almost empty flower border, where a fringe of daffodils showed pale in the moonlight. Mr. Forde walked slowly toward the gate, over the lawn on which he had condescended to foolish games of croquet, in the summers that were gone, thinking of Elizabeth and her curious apathetic silence, and the almost deathlike coldness of the hand that had touched his.

"She is the strangest girl," he said to himself, "and there are moments when I am half tempted to think—"

He did not finish the thought even to himself, for looking up suddenly, he beheld a figure standing before him, on the edge of the lawn, a woman's figure, with a shawl of fleecy whiteness, folded Arab-wise, and surrounding it almost from head to feet. Yet even thus muffled he knew the figure by its bearing; a loftier air than is common to modern young-lady-hood—something nearer akin to the wild untutored grace of an Indian princess.

"Elizabeth!"

"Yes, Mr. Forde. I have come out here to ask you if it is true—if you do really intend to fling away your life like that?"

"There is no question of my flinging away my life," he answered, quietly, yet strangely moved by her presence, by the smothered passion in her tone. "I shall be as much in the hands of God yonder as I am here."

"Of course," she answered, in her reckless way, "God is with us every where, watching and judging us. But He suffers human sacrifices, even in our day. It may be in the scheme of Providence that you should be eaten, or scalped, or tomahawked, or burned alive by savages."

"Be sure that if it is, the thing will happen."

"Oh, that is your horrible Calvinistic doctrine: almost as bad as a Turk's. But if you do not leave England you can not fall into the hands of those dreadful savages."

"And perhaps remain at home to be killed in a railway accident, or die of small-pox. I hardly think the savages would be worse; and if I felt I had done any good among them, there would be a kind of glory in my death which might take the sting out of its physical pain."

"'The path of glory leads but to the grave,'" said Elizabeth, gloomily. "Don't go, Mr. Forde! There are heathens enough to convert in England."

"But if I feel that my vocation calls me yonder?"

"It is a mere fancy. You were a soldier the other day, and can not forget the old longing for foreign service."

"Believe me, no; I have considered this business with more deliberation than is usual to me. And I am quite convinced that my duty lies in that direction."

"A delusion! You would be greater and more useful in England. Your countryman, Edward Irving, had once that fancy, I remember; he had his ideal picture of a missionary's life, and seriously thought of trying to realize it."

"Better for himself, perhaps, if he had achieved that early aim than to be a world's wonder for a few brief years, and die disappointed at last."

"Don't go, Mr. Forde!" clasping her hands, and looking up at him piteously with her lovely eyes, so different from the seraphic gaze of poor Gertrude's faded orbs. "I wish to Heaven I were eloquent, or knew how to plead and argue as some people do."

"You are only too eloquent; your words go to my heart. For God's sake, say no more!"

"Yes, yes, I will say much more; if I can touch you, if my words can penetrate your obstinate heart, you shall not go. I am pleading for Hawleigh, and all the people who love you, who have drawn their very faith and hope from you, as if your soul were a fountain of righteousness. I have a presentiment that if you go abroad it will be to perish; to lose your life for a vain dream. Stay here, and teach us to be good. We were half of us pagans till you came to us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARCH SONGS.

I.

Aloft, alow, the mad winds blow;
On fields and uplands bare
They seize the lingering wreaths of snow,
And hurl and whirl them to and fro,
And heap them here and there.

Round the deserted garden ways,
Where last year's lilies lie,
The savage North Wind, shrieking, strays,
And then the willful West Wind plays
With flower-stalks dun and dry.

Blow, blow, wild Winds, aloft, alow!
The ides of March are past.
Swift as your wings the dark days go;
Then blow your maddest, Winds, blow, blow!
My May is coming fast.

II.

Wax and wane, once and again,
Ah, pallid moon of March!
Swifter lift thy light, and drift
Across the sky's blue arch.

Wax and wane, once and again,
Till April's fled away,
Speed, speed thy flight through night to night,
And be the moon of May.

III.

Little violets in the garden staying,
Small and blue and sweet as sweet can be,
Don't you wonder what it is we're playing
Up in the world? Suppose you come and see?

We play at joy, and find our play no pleasure;
We play at faith, and quickly throw it by;
We play at hope, and think our toy a treasure,
Until Time shows it scarcely worth a sigh.

Little violets in the garden staying,
Small and blue and sweet as sweet can be,
Do you wonder what it is we're playing?
Wake up, darlings! Pray you, come and see.

MARRIAGE IN CHINA.

It is the rule in China that persons of the same clan name shall not intermarry, and this prohibition (for it amounts to that) extends even to remote cousins, but only prevents the marriage of cousins in the first and other degrees in case the clan name be the same. To explain the matter more clearly, we will suppose that a man, whose clan name is Tang, has four children—two sons and two daughters—all having male and female offspring. The children of the daughters may intermarry, but those of the sons may not; the sons' children, however, are not debarred from marrying into their aunts' families.

One or two odd customs may here be briefly alluded to. Sometimes betrothal takes place before birth—that is to say, mothers betroth their unborn children on the chance of their turning out to be of opposite sex! Again, if a man, after becoming engaged to a girl, should die before the marriage can be completed, it now and then happens that the affianced bride will leave her own relatives and go to his parents' house, and there become one of the family as much as she would have done if the marriage had actually taken place. This is more especially the case if her promised husband chance to be an only child.

Theoretically, no marriage can take place during the time of mourning for the death of an emperor; but as the full term of mourning is twenty-seven months, this would be highly inconvenient, so the restriction is practically confined to the first hundred days after his majesty's decease; and even this is probably very little observed except by officials and the residents in the capital and its immediate neighborhood.

Widows are rather hardly treated in the Celestial Empire in the event of their desiring to marry again, for such marriages are decidedly looked down upon, and no family of any position in the social scale will allow one of its members to enter into such a contract. Among the poorer classes of the community, however, a man occasionally marries a widow, because it is a more economical course to pursue. Various disabilities attach to a widow in the matter of ceremonial; for example, on a second marriage she is only allowed to use a common, small sedan-chair, carried by two men, instead of the more roomy and gorgeous conveyance ordinarily employed.

In the matter of divorce, which is of rather rare occurrence, all is in the husband's favor. If he be so minded, he can get rid of his wife for various reasons which seem absurd to us. As far as we are aware, no legal process is necessary; and the outraged and discontented husband gives his wife what may be called a bill of divorcement, which in this case is a document sealed with his private seal in the presence of witnesses, who are often the woman's own relatives!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

One of the new branches of industry that demand no capital and no special endowments is the mat trade. The way to obtain a stock in trade is to walk up to the front-door of a dwelling, take a mat, go home and wash it, and then go back and sell it to the former owner. The profits are immense.

When is water most liable to escape?—When it is only half tide.

A Quaker having sold a fine-looking but blind horse, asked the purchaser, "Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault in him?" "No," was the answer. "Neither will he see any fault in thee," said old Broadbrim.

A horse-dealer was asked if an animal which he offered for sale was timid. "Not at all," said he; "he often passes many nights by himself in the stable!"

A negro preacher observed to his hearers at the close of his sermon as follows: "My obstinacious bredren, I find it am no more use to preach to you dan it am for a grasshopper to wear knee-buckles."

A little girl wanted a fan, but not being able to remember the word, said she "wanted a thing to brush the warmth off with."

A lazy Cook—One that "fritters" away her time.

A cockney resident of an up-town boarding-house likens himself and his fellow-boarders to phenixes, "because," says he, "we rise every day from our hashes."

Always "hard pressed"—Bricks.

A Frenchman made a pair of pantaloons for a Dr. Lamb, but, forgetting the name of his customer, went into the market, and taking hold of a leg of mutton, inquired of the butcher, "Vat you call dis?" "That is mutton." "Ha, mutton, is it? Vell, vat you call mutton's baby?" "Lamb." "Oui," said the Frenchman, "dat is him. Monsieur Lamb is de vera man vat for I make de pantaloons."

A lamp-lighter is a rising man, though sometimes slow.

It was the opinion of an Illinois youngster, expressed in a composition, that an ox does not taste as good as an oyster, but it runs faster.

How to prevent bad Dreams—Don't go to sleep.

What is the difference between a sailor and a beer-drinker?—One puts his sail up, the other puts his ale down.

No man ever got stung by hornets who kept away from where they were. It is just so with bad habits.

An Irishman referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high. "I can't say he did," said Terence, "but he died high." Like the banks in these days, he was suspended.

Can a pretty woman be a plain cook?

A gentleman was warmly eulogizing the constancy of an absent husband in the presence of his loving wife. "Yes, yes," assented she, "he writes letters full of the agony of affection, but he never remits me any money." "I can conceive of that," said the other, "for I know his love to be unremitting."

Chairs should not be covered with silk, but sat-in.

A bachelor compares a shirt button to life, because it hangs by a thread.

What is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child?—One pours with rain and the other roars with pain.

A German peddler is the innocent author of a problem of which we beg the solution. He was asked if it was not heavy work carrying a big pack around day after day. "Oh yes," he replied, "it vas heavy." "Well," said the querist, "do you make much?" "Vell, I dunno; some days I makes notting, and oder days twice so much."

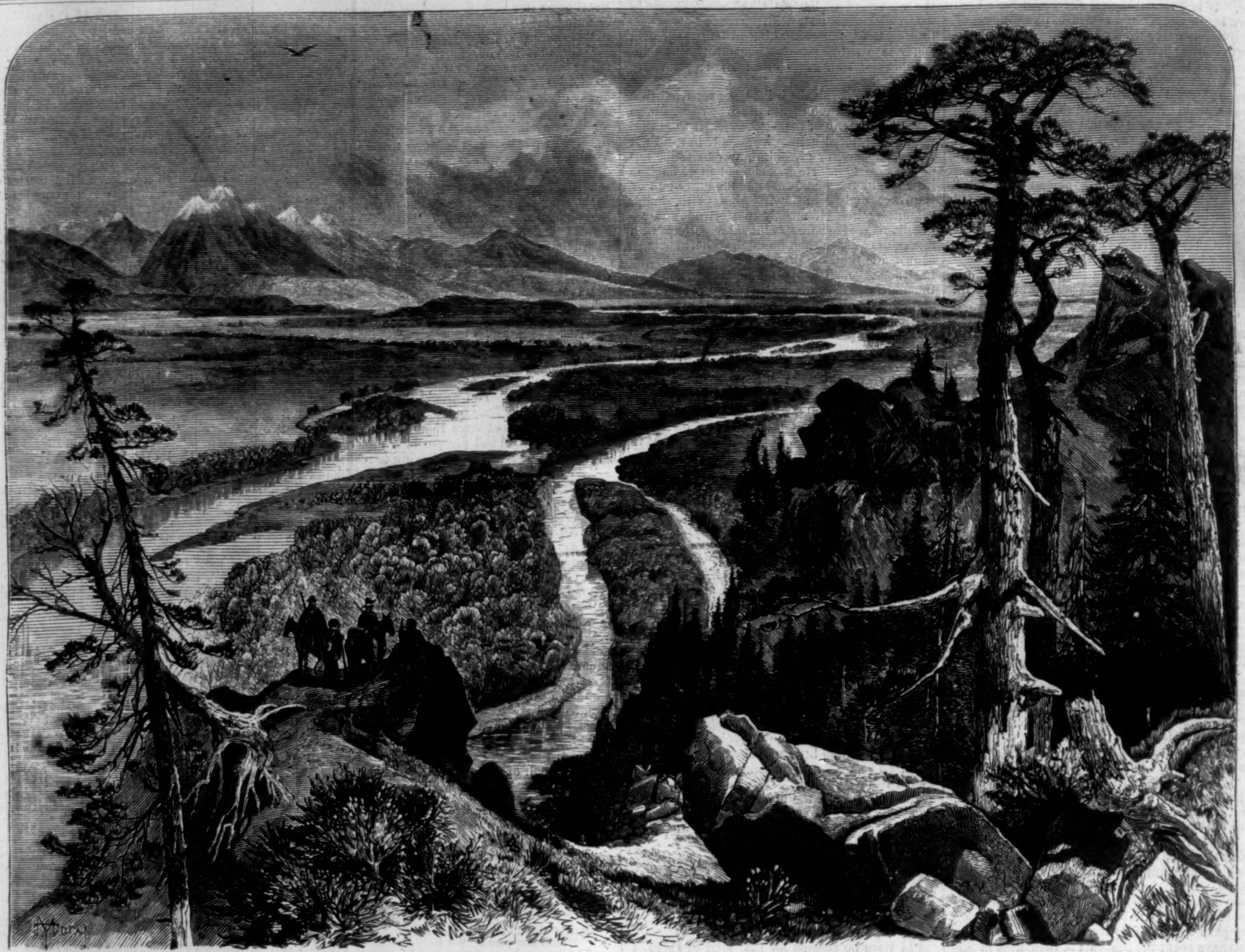
An Irish editor says that, "in the absence of both editors, the publishers have succeeded in securing the services of a *gentleman* to edit the paper this week."

When is fire like a bad husband?—When it goes out at night.

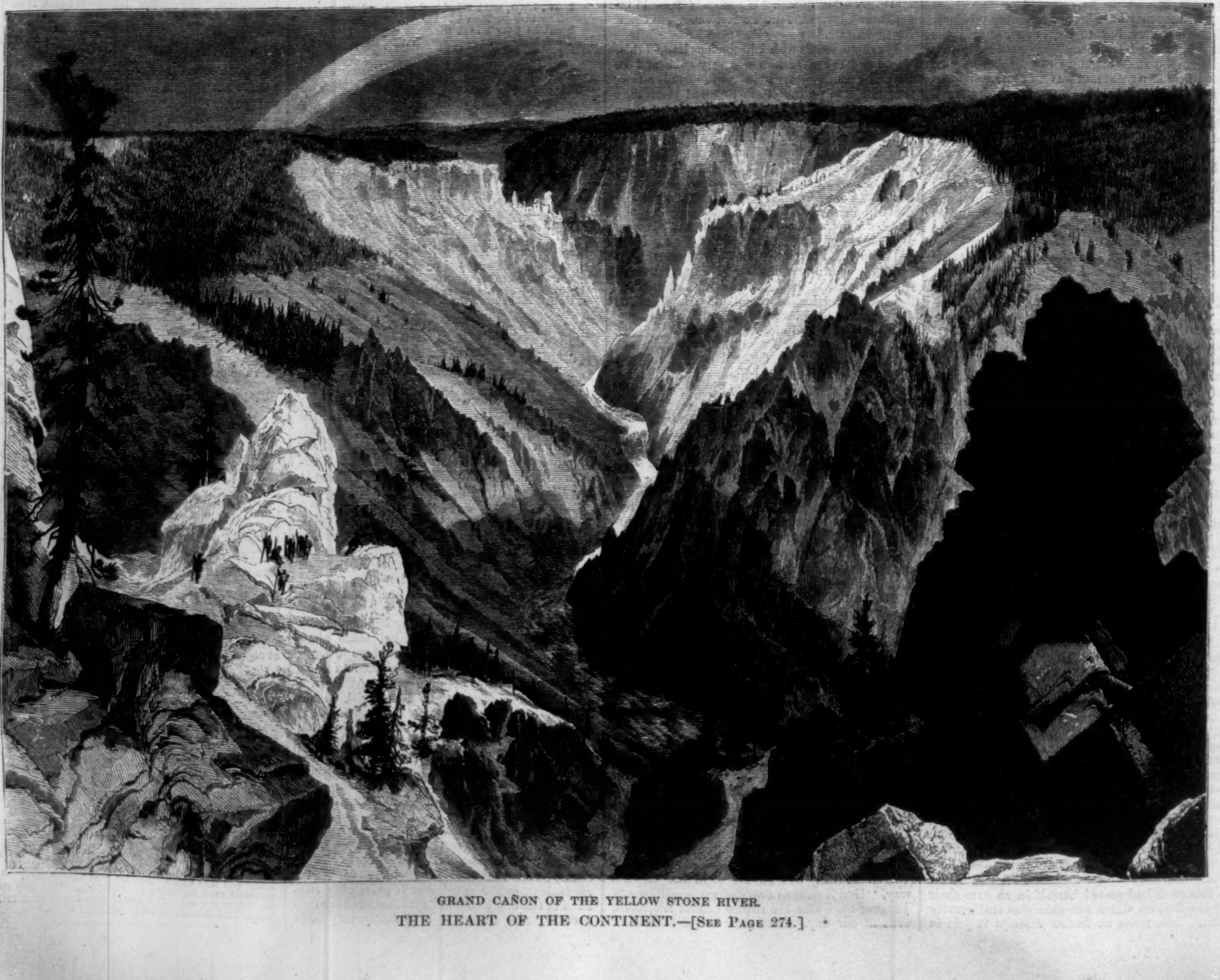
What quadrupeds are admitted to balls, operas, parties, etc.?—White kids.

"What are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering at an old watch. "Improving my time, Sir."

Not long since, at a private entertainment, Bret Harte told the following story: A teamster went courting a girl who was a member of a church, and while in her company, being on his very best behavior, he was careful not to use any language which would shock the exceedingly proper ears of his sweetheart. But one day driving up a hill he burst forth in most objurgative style to his animals, never dreaming that the object of his affection was standing by the road-side listening to his profanity. But when she opened upon him the batteries of reproof he knew she was there. But he held his ground. "Do you call that swearing?" asked he. "If you do, I don't know what you'd say if you heard that fellow just behind me exhort an impenitent mule."

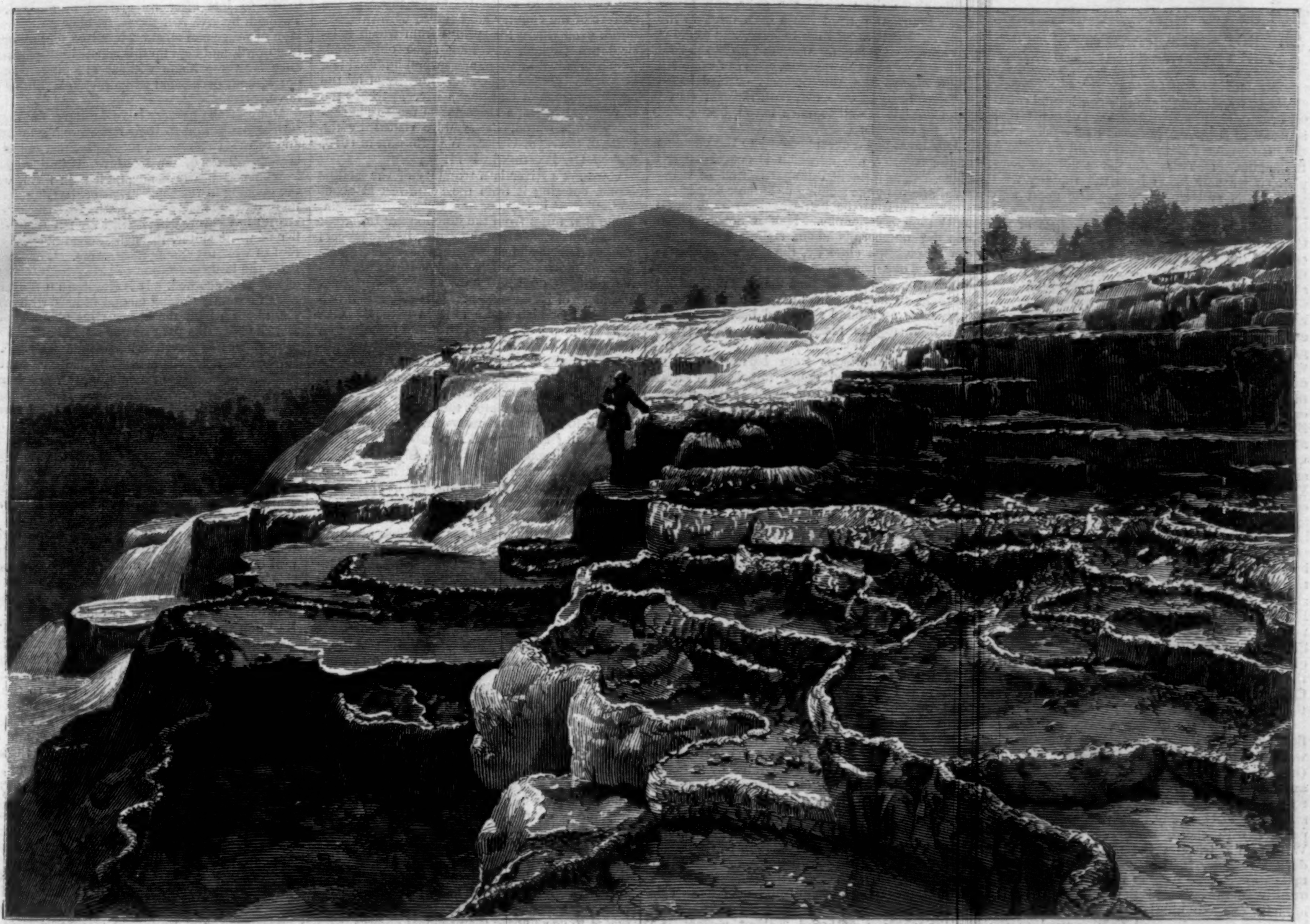


YELLOW STONE RIVER AND MOUNTAINS.

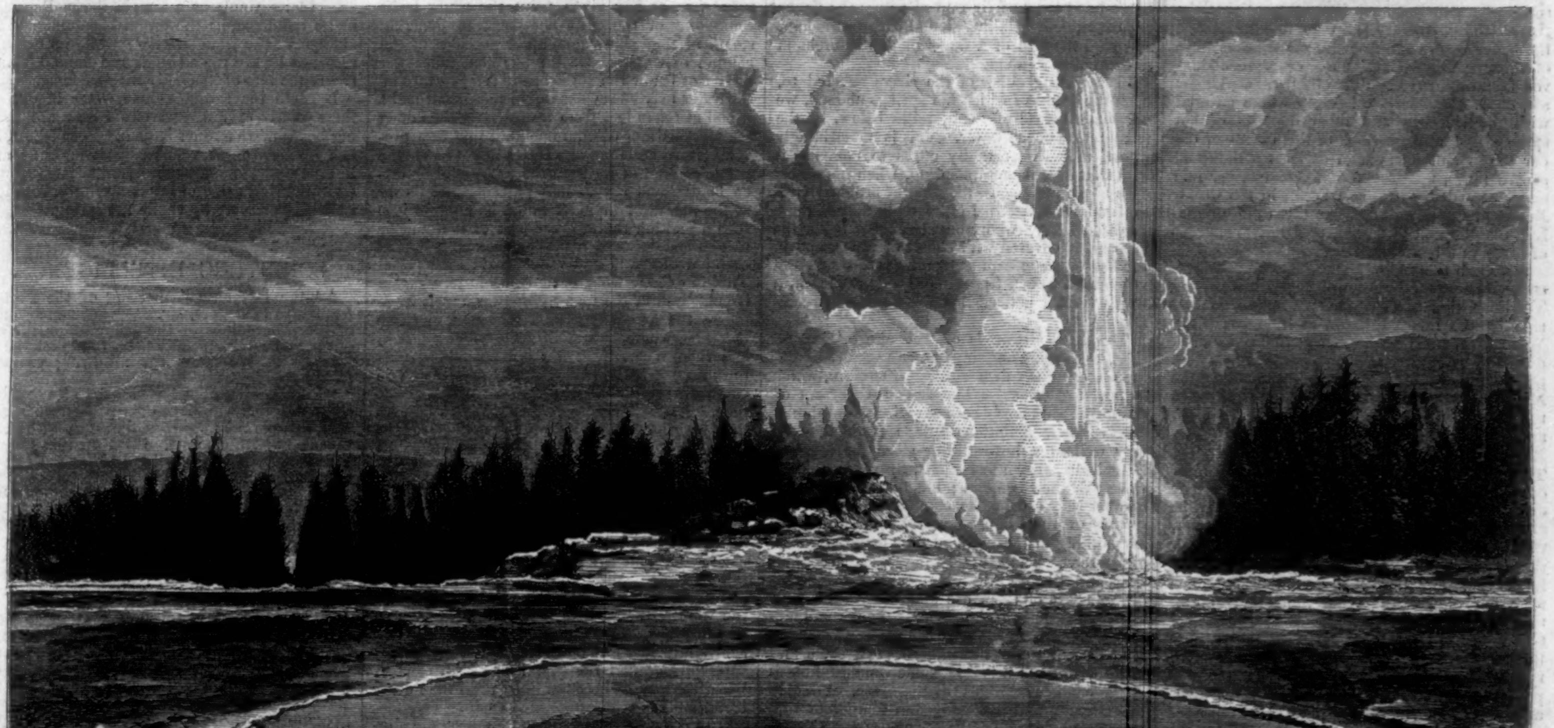


GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOW STONE RIVER.

THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT.—[SEE PAGE 274.]



HOT SPRINGS ON GARDINER'S RUN.



CASTLE GEYSER AND HOT SPRINGS BASIN, FIRE HOLE RUN.

THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT.—[See Page 274.]

THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT.

THE HOT SPRINGS AND GEYSERS OF THE YELLOW STONE REGION.

By R. W. RAYMOND.

What wonderful things this continental country of ours yet hides, undiscovered of man—that is to say, of light-complexioned man—in its deep cañons or forests primeval, it would be difficult to imagine. Doubtless the list is not yet complete, if we may judge from the rapidity with which it is still lengthening. The great Salt Lake, the basaltic cañons of the Columbia and its tributaries, the dark abysmal gorges of the Colorado, the sublime heights and lovely cascades of the Yosemite, the snowy volcanoes of the far Northwest, whose fiery hearts are sheathed in glacier mail—all these belong in the category of wonders but recently made known, and even yet not grown stale to the enthusiasm of men. Every thing beautiful and grand in nature has unworn attraction for him who looks upon it for the first time with his own eyes, but the public wearies in time of mere descriptions of such objects. Few of us care to hear of other people's thoughts about Niagara or the Mammoth Cave. In literature, at least, nature does grow old. But the scenes we have mentioned are still as new to readers as to travelers. Many of them are unique. Yet, even with this catalogue, the measure of our *uniquities* was not full. Within the last few months the explorations of several parties have made known the marvels of a hitherto untrodden region, unsurpassed in many respects by any other of equal extent in this country or the world. I refer to the great central watershed of the continent—the highest part of the Rocky Mountains, isolated peaks excepted—whence flow to either sea the waters of the Snake and Columbia system on the west, and of the Yellow Stone and Missouri system on the east. I might almost add the Green and Colorado system, which rises not very far from the same neighborhood.

The streams which unite to form the Missouri flow from this elevated mountain country northward through nearly parallel valleys. They are (beginning on the west) the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin, so named by the adventurous pioneers Lewis and Clarke, after three eminent statesmen of their day. Still further east, and parallel with these, runs the Yellow Stone. With true patriotism these American streams decline to enter British territory: the Missouri makes an abrupt turn to the east, and subsequently southward, and the Yellow Stone follows its example, until, on the border of Dakota, the two unite, and flow onward to the Mississippi. It is on that part of the Yellow Stone and of the Madison branch of the Missouri where their course is northward that the most striking scenery is to be found. About the upper waters of these streams the rocks are of volcanic origin (lava, etc.), or of secondary volcanic origin (tufa, ash, obsidian-conglomerate, etc.). The surface is every where covered with the siliceous and other deposits of hot springs, and active springs of this character occur throughout an area of at least a thousand square miles, upon a scale, as to number and size, unequaled, so far as I know, in the world. Before attempting to describe these more closely it may be well to outline the general features of travel in this region.

Although the Yellow Stone Lake and the geysers, with many of the hot springs, are in Wyoming Territory, they are cut off from access on that side by the impassable (or, at least, unpassed) Wind River ranges. To get at them you must go round by Montana. The shortest route for a party equipped for the journey is to follow the Montana stage-road northward from Corinne (a town in Utah, on the Central Pacific Railroad, and at the head of Salt Lake) as far as Taylor's Bridge, on the Snake River, in Eastern Idaho. The traveler not prepared for camp life must continue in the stage until, after about four days and nights of this unaccustomed luxury, he arrives at Virginia City, the capital of Montana, where he can get an outfit, and form a party for the mountain trip. Or he may go to Bozeman, in the Gallatin Valley, and enter the mountains from that point, *via* the Yellow Stone Cañon. But the shorter route to which I have alluded leaves all trodden ways at Taylor's Bridge, and follows the north fork of the Snake to its head at Henry's Lake, which is separated by a short and easy pass from the great Madison basin, above which, at a distance of about thirty miles, are the geyser groups.

The comfortable ranch of Gilman Sawtelle, at Henry's Lake, is the last habitation on this route, and that of the Boteler brothers, on the Yellow Stone, is the outpost of civilization on the Bozeman route.

The necessary outfit for the journey includes saddle and pack animals, arms, and provisions. The last item is convenient rather than essential, since most of the country traversed abounds in game. The mountain bison is rarely seen; bears frequent the service-berry thickets and the ravines, where, under fallen logs or boulders, grubs and insects hide; troops of antelope course over the grassy uplands and valley benches; moose, elk, and deer haunt the forest glades, and trample the edges of the water-courses; the prairie wolf, or coyote, and his larger cousin, the mountain wolf, howl plaintively o' nights; the tenacious and belligerent badger honey-combs the ground with his excavations; and the redoubtable polecat, Ishmael of the wilderness, roams in conscious security, unmolested of man or beast. In the sedges cranes croon and swans trumpet; high-flying wild-geese and low-flying ducks make swift processions hither and thither; innumerable grouse strut and rustle in the hill-side coverts, and snowy pelicans sail upon the blue lakes, while above them wheel the gulls, and below them the spotted trout jostle each other in the water. But it takes time to hunt, and game is not always complaisant enough to cross the trail and wait to be shot. Again, while of course a fellow always hits, the hit beast or bird has a wonderful way of escaping, nevertheless; so, on the whole, it is well to have bacon, beans, and flour for emergencies.

One must pay a decent regard to the customs of the country, one of which is occasional Indians. The principal danger is that of being "set afoot" by the stealing or stampeding of the stock. This can be better avoided by a small party than a large one. Half a dozen, which was our number, is about right. The horses can be picketed close by, the fire put out after dark, and one man left on guard to watch against interlopers, and to see that the animals do not entangle themselves in their lariats, or wind themselves up around trees and bushes so as to lose their night's meal, which is essential to their vigor next day.

The path alternates from barren plains to grassy meadows and dense forests, the latter being mostly composed of small pines, rooted weakly in a very shallow soil, and frequently devastated by fires and winds. Fallen timber constitutes the principal obstacle to progress. Twenty miles a day is a good average traveling, when the pack animals are heavily loaded. The packs, like Æsop's famous sack of bread, grow lighter of provisions and ammunition as the journey advances; but the weight is sure to be made up with specimens of curious rocks, and the burden of blankets and buffalo-robes, required for out-door sleeping in the frosty nights, remains undiminished. August is the best month for the trip, though the nights are cold, and the afternoons occasionally hazy. If you try it earlier you will repent sincerely, being pricked to the heart by mosquitoes, and stung with multitudinous remorse in the shape of black-flies.

A word to the unwise: be sure that somebody in the party knows the "diamond hitch," that mysterious trick of "sinching," looping, settling, bracing, hauling, belaying, knotting, and what-notting, by which the well-balanced pack is made a part of the very anatomy of the subjacent beast, not to be separated by "bucking," rolling, rubbing, climbing up hill, sliding down hill, or going through the eye of a needle. This latter trick is not peculiar to camels: every pack-horse, at a certain stage of his education, is smart enough and silly enough to try it. It consists in selecting two trees not quite far enough apart to permit the passage of the packs, and going through whether or no. This is the crucial test of the diamond hitch. If it is the genuine diamond without a flaw, the trees may come down, but the pack will not. After a shallow-minded philosopher of a pack-horse has been smartly rapped across the flanks once or twice by a falling stem, he learns wisdom, and tries the size of a doubtful gap beforehand as cautiously as a cat.

In ascending either of the rivers referred to, upon the banks of which hot springs abound, we are made aware of them, miles below, by the temperature of the water. This is not strikingly warm, unless opportunity offers to compare it with that of a mountain spring, when the difference is plain enough—like that of ordinary Croton and ice water. In the early morning the Madison River, twenty or thirty miles below the geysers, is covered with clouds of vapor, and in the bed of the stream grow masses of confervoid vegetation, which, I presume, is due to the warm water, since I noticed it under no other circumstances.

The term Geyser is of Icelandic origin, and signifies a spring bursting out with power. Nothing ought to be called a geyser, therefore, which is not a "buster." The so-called geysers of California are merely boiling springs, and do not deserve their ambitious title, though they do very well as a hot-watering-place for tourists. Chemically, they are curious, by reason of the variety of their contents; but in power, size, or number they can not be compared with the hot springs of the Madison and Yellow Stone—to say nothing of the real and only genuine article of geysers. These hot springs usually contain silica and silicates in solution, though a respectable minority of them are alkaline, sulphureted, and even slightly chalybeate. Among these several, which are not too far from the settlements, are resorted to by the frontier population, and have performed, it is said, some wonderful cures of rheumatism, scorbutic diseases, etc. Possibly the climate, and a cleanly and temperate life, have as much to do with such cases as any chemical constituents of the waters.

The siliceous springs are characterized by the abundant and beautiful accretionary deposits with which they are surrounded. The emerging waters, relieved from pressure, and parting with their heat, are no longer able to retain even their minute percentage of siliceous matters in solution, and precipitate them upon the surface over which they flow. This deposit is most likely to occur at a certain distance from the central orifice; and the "sinter" is not subject to re-solution. Hence a sort of wall frequently grows up around the spring, building a reservoir. I have seen a curious instance of this on the shore of the Yellow Stone Lake, where a hot spring breaks through the bottom under the cold water. About three feet from the centre of the spring the mingling of the two waters seems to have produced the requisite reduction in temperature for the siliceous precipitate; and accordingly a wall has been built on this circle, and has gradually grown by accretion, rising through the cold water, until now the hot spring, completely protected, has a level several inches above that of the lake, and spills its steaming contents over the edge quite at its ease.

Sometimes these accumulations of "sinter" are enormous in amount. Many miles of the surface of the country are covered with this material, even where the springs from which it issued are choked, and long since obliterated. Sometimes it forms mounds several hundred feet in height. This is splendidly illustrated by the boiling springs of Gardiner's River, perhaps the largest and in some respects the most remarkable yet discovered. They were visited by the party of Surveyor-General Washburne in 1870, and by Dr. Hayden in 1871.

Gardiner's River is a tributary of the Yellow Stone, entering it from the southwest at about 33° 40′ west longitude, and 45° north latitude. Some four miles from the junction are the great boiling springs. Here the water, by the process already described, has built up a huge pile of natural architecture, which betrays in its successive terraces of white hard sinter the gradual character of its formation. It is more than two hundred feet high and a mile in extent. One of Hayden's party compares it, not inaptly, to a vast frozen cascade. On each terrace are numerous hot springs, from which the water flows into beautiful semicircular basins with scalloped edges. Possibly some phenomenon like this suggested to ancient sculptors their finest designs for carving fountains and reservoirs, such as every traveler in Italy will well remember. The color of these siliceous deposits is mainly pure white, tinged here and there with pink and orange. The largest springs are at the top of this white mountain, whither they have climbed as the building grew—all the minor outflows lower down representing doubtless their loss of power by the way. Dense clouds of steam continually arise from them, the water being at boiling-point (in this altitude perhaps 200° Fahrenheit). At times, when the wind wafts the vapor aside, a glimpse of clear blue water can be gained. Some vents emit hot steam or air only; in some there is a considerable spirting of water. Through the former the sound of boiling far below can be heard.

In order that a boiling spring shall become a true geyser several conditions are necessary. The spring, in building up for itself a mound of precipitated mineral, must preserve in the centre a vertical tube of sufficient regularity and height to give a certain pressure of confined water column. This being secured in the course of time, and the means of accumulating temperature being adequate, the peculiar intermittent geyser action is inevitable. We owe to Bunsen, the great German chemist, the true theory of this process. It is not necessarily due to accumulations of steam in subterranean spaces, nor to the explosiveness of water long boiled, though these causes may assist. The geyser tube itself is sufficient to account for the principal observed phenomena. Just before an eruption the water every where in this tube is below boiling temperature—*i.e.*, at any given point the water lacks something of the heat necessary to generate steam at that point, under the pressure of the column of water above it; but at a point say forty feet below the surface, the temperature of the water may be such as would more than make it boil at *thirty* feet from the surface, the added ten feet of water column being all that now prevents it from boiling. If by any means the whole column of water in the tube could be lifted bodily, and a sufficient portion spilled over at the top, the remainder might be brought into such a position that a great part of it would be able to boil—that is, make steam—and a sudden eruption of steam and water would take place. This is exactly what occurs in nature. Steam is generated in the under-ground channels leading to the geyser tube, and forces its way into the tube, where it first lifts the water column, and then, if the hoist was not enough to start the grand eruption, collapses by condensing in contact with the relatively cooler water of the tube. Each of these collapses makes a detonation, and the geyser presents to the observer the appearance of a series of jumps, accompanied by the sound of subterranean explosions. Tyndall calls them "abortive eruptions." By-and-by, however, a larger one than ordinary lifts the water column so far (say six or eight feet) that a part of it boils at once. This aids the upward movement, and accelerates and augments the relief from pressure, until, with a roar like that of an ascending rocket, the whole contents of the tube are ejected in the form of water and steam. The process now continues till all the sufficiently hot water stored in the conduits or reservoirs around the geyser has been ejected. Then the geyser becomes quiet until the former condition has been established again.

The principal geysers of the Madison are situated near its source, where it bears the name of the Fire Hole River. There are two groups of them, ten miles apart, the upper one of which, containing the largest geysers, occupies a basin about five square miles in area, and surrounded by forest-covered hills. In this basin, and along the Fire Hole River all the way to the lower group, are innumerable boiling springs, many of which may be geysers, besides those which have already been observed in action. Among the largest known geysers are those which were named by Washburne's party—the Giant, the Giantess, the Bee-hive, Old Faithful, the Grotto, the Castle, and the Fan. Each of these has its own peculiar character; the Giantess and the Bee-hive give the highest streams, the latter having thrown its single jet 219 feet, and the former its side jets 250 feet into the air. Our party was not fortunate enough to see either in action. But Old Faithful may be relied upon to "go off" every hour or two, and project against the blue sky a column sometimes attaining the height of 200 feet. One edge, toward the wind, is well defined; on the other side the white steam drifts away to leeward, giving to the whole the appearance of a vast snowy plume. The Giant roars when he has a mind, and was good enough to do so just after we arrived in the valley. Through his five-foot throat he blew a huge column of water and steam a hundred feet obliquely upward, and kept up this astonishing performance for three hours without stopping, though not without occasional temporary relaxations of force.

Many of the geysers have built up for themselves, in addition to their large sloping mounds and terraced reservoirs, more confined cones or craters. That of the Bee-hive, as indicated by its name, is nearly hemispherical in form, with the opening in the top. That of the Giant looks more like the hollow stump of a great tree. The Grotto has covered itself with an irregular edifice of white sinter, through several holes in the roof of which it spouts its streams. The Castle gives the best illustration of this structure so far as size is concerned. It is situated on the summit of a gently sloping mound of hard white sinter, above which the crater rises about twenty feet, looking like the ruins of a bombarded fort. It is about fifty feet in its longest diameter. The surface incrustations assume varied and beautiful forms, sometimes resembling, to use a homely figure, a petrified cauliflower. It is frequently so hard as to strike fire with steel. The Castle is reported to throw water from a three-foot orifice, at intervals of two or three hours, to the height of fifty feet, but we camped some eighteen hours beside it without being favored with an eruption. On the other hand, we found several geysers active which had not been mentioned by previous parties.

It is impossible even to outline in this article the many interesting features of these great natural curiosities; but I must mention in conclusion the numerous and lovely cisterns, which appear to be similar to the tranquil *laug* of Iceland. Tyndall speaks of these as follows, and the description applies closely to the present case: "A moment's reflection will suggest to us that there must be a limit to the operations of the geyser. When the tube has reached such an altitude that the water in the depths below, owing to the increased pressure, can not attain its boiling-point, the eruptions of necessity cease. The spring, however, continues to deposit its silica, and often forms a *laug*, or cistern. Some of those in Iceland are forty feet deep. Their beauty, according to Bunsen, is indescribable; over the surface curls a light vapor, the water is of the purest azure, and tints with its lovely hue the fantastic incrustations on the cistern walls; while at the bottom is often seen the mouth of the once mighty geyser. There are in Iceland vast but now extinct geyser operations. Mounds are observed whose shafts are filled with rubbish, the water having forced a passage underneath, and retired to other scenes of action. We have, in fact, the geyser in its youth, manhood, old age, and death here presented to us. In its youth, as a simple thermal spring; in its manhood, as the eruptive column; in its old age, as the tranquil *laug;* while its death is recorded by the ruined shaft and mound, which testify the fact of its once active existence."

Beneath the turquois-blue water in one of these pearly cavern reservoirs I saw the shining bones of an extinct buffalo. Poor fellow, he had got more geyser than was good for him: and lest the reader should suffer a similar fate (drowned in the warm tide of my enthusiastic recollections), I peremptorily choke the spring.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the last annual meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, Mr. Faye gave an account of the proceedings of the commission for observing the transit of Venus, of which he is president. We make the following extracts from his address:

"Your commission has called to its sessions all the *savants* who have offered their co-operation, to learn their views, and discuss with them the most delicate points. It is thus that Messrs. Wolf and André, who have presented to you an interesting memoir on the optical conditions of the observation of this phenomenon, Mr. Rayet, who has made himself known by an astronomical expedition to Cochin China, Mr. Janssen, whose spectroscopic discoveries are appreciated by the Academy, and many others well known as mechanicians and experimentalists, have been frequently called upon and consulted, either together or separately.

"I can not show the co-operation so fully granted by the Dépôt of the Navy and its learned director, Admiral Jurien, without at least expressing the hope which the commission has entertained of obtaining from the Minister of the Navy a more complete co-operation, which will give our enterprise a development worthy of the Academy, and of the part which France took twice during the last century, under similar circumstances, on the occasion of the transits of Venus in 1761 and 1769. It is with this hope that we have calculated and combined every thing. Our southern expeditions, confided to our learned officers, provided with the instruments which we shall have constructed, and with all the resources we shall be able to collect, will find at the island of Reunion on the one hand, and at the port of Sydney on the other, the outfits which your commission will dispatch thither in advance, and will be thence transported to their destinations amply provided with every convenience, and with a supply of skilled workmen from the fleet. Our astronomers, conveyed by packet to China and Japan, will also receive from the navy the aid and protection necessary to assure their establishment near Pekin and Yokohama.

"The necessary instruments have already been ordered, and are in course of construction; a good portion of them will be finished this year, and the remainder will be ready by the commencement of next year. We are now taking measures to enable our observers to familiarize themselves, far in advance, with the phenomena which they are to study. It is true that we have to count our days, but we hope to be ready by the moment we have fixed for the departure of our four expeditions; and if the Minister of the

Navy gives us the help for which we have asked, we shall have every human guarantee of success. We already see the possibility of enlarging our enterprise by utilizing, as secondary stations, some points of the globe where the French flag floats, and where the great astronomical phenomenon of 1874 can be advantageously observed.

"However this may be, four principal stations on the two hemispheres are assured from this day, and your commission will there concentrate the larger part of its forces both in men and money. The special character it is desired to give to the French work will consist in the employment of great optical power; and it thus hopes, through the liberal means placed at its disposal by the National Assembly, to make sure of the degree of precision which science has a right to expect."

Les Mondes announces the death, on the 19th of January last, of Baron P. C. F. Dupin, a veteran scientist and mathematician of France. He was born on the 6th of October, 1784, and early acquired a reputation by the publication of a work upon geometry. He filled various offices of trust in his country, among them that of Councilor of State and Senator, and as early as 1818 was a member of the Academy of Sciences. Numerous works, principally of a statistical nature, appeared from his pen.

According to Mr. Spencer Walpole, the salmon fisheries of England and Wales, which two years ago were valued at from twenty to thirty thousand pounds sterling, are now considered worth at least one hundred thousand pounds. This is the legitimate result of the measures taken by the British government, supplemented by private enterprise, in protecting this noble fish from destruction, as well as of the introduction into the waters of the young fish artificially hatched.

Professor Peters, director of the Litchfield Observatory of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York, discovered on the night of February 17 a new asteroid, which is the one hundred and thirtieth of this group of bodies, and we believe the twentieth that has been discovered by Professor Peters. It will be remembered that in order to at once follow up the discovery of a new member of this group of minute planets by numerous precise observations, an arrangement has been made with the telegraph companies by which the news is at once telegraphed to Europe. The present is the second occasion that the Smithsonian Institution has had for thus making use of the Atlantic cable.

The first section of the first volume of the long-promised report on the German north polar expedition of 1869 and 1870, commanded by Captain Koldeway, has just been published under the auspices of the Bremen Association for Polar Investigation. This contains a portion of the history of the expedition, the scientific results being kept for the second volume, which is shortly to appear. A full account of the preparatory steps in reference to the expedition, the internal fitting up and arrangement of the vessel, together with a list of all stores and supplies, are embraced in the report, as also the detailed instructions prepared by Dr. Petermann for the conduct of the survey.

It will be remembered that there were two vessels engaged in the work—the *Germania*, a steamer, and the *Hansa*, a sailing vessel—which kept together for a part of the time, and then separated, taking different directions. The story of the *Hansa* and her unlucky voyage is then told—first, her freezing up in the ice, and her adventures during the winter; then the breaking up of the ice, the wreck of the vessel, and the drift of the crew for 800 miles on the floating ice cake, which, continually diminishing in size, constantly contracted their quarters, finally splitting in two directly under their feet; then the leaving of this friendly refuge by taking to their boats, and their ultimately landing upon the island of Illuidleck on the 4th of June; next, their journey thence to Frederickstahl, where their greatest troubles ended; and from this point, after various stoppages, they were finally enabled to embark for Copenhagen.

This part of the narrative, admirably told, concludes with an account of the original discovery of East Greenland, and the successive voyages of exploration and discovery by which additional information was obtained. The volume is accompanied by a general chart of the eastern coast of Greenland, giving the results of all the expeditions, and ending with this voyage, of which the volume is a narrative.

The recent death of Professor Sedgwick, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, has been announced by the London papers, with appropriate reference to the influence which he exerted during his long life upon the progress of natural science in Great Britain.

He was a graduate of Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1808, became a fellow in 1809, and was ordained in 1817. His attention was early directed to geology. In 1834 he was elected to a canonry in Norwich Cathedral, and on the death of Professor Hailstone succeeded to the Woodwardian chair in the University of Cambridge, where he continued until the time of his death.

He was the author of a great number of memoirs in the Transactions of the Philosophical and Scientific Society of Cambridge, and in other journals of Great Britain, most of them being devoted to geological subjects, although there were included among them essays in regard to the general administration of the university.

It may not be generally known that perhaps the oldest collection of specimens of natural history now extant in the United States constitutes a portion of the present cabinet of Princeton College, New Jersey. It was first brought together by Monsieur Delacoste, a French collector and naturalist, who flourished in New York at the beginning of the present century, and who published in 1804 a catalogue of his curiosities (chiefly collected in Guiana), filling a pamphlet of about ninety pages.

The plan of Delacoste for keeping up his museum was to secure a certain number of annual subscribers, who were to constitute a society for the promotion of the science of natural history. The enterprise was supported by names then very prominent in New York, such as De Witt Clinton, Aaron Burr, Thomas Cooper, Dr. David Hosack, Charles Wilkes, Wright Post, and other parties. The collection embraced about 260 species of birds, 63 of quadrupeds (which included both mammals and turtles), over 50 of fishes, and other objects in proportion. We learn that this collection is still preserved, for the greater part in good condition, at Princeton.

The establishment of the Delacoste collection does not antedate that of Peale in Philadelphia; but that long since disappeared, partly by the scattering of the material collected, and partly from its destruction by fire.

The Livingstone Congo Expedition, under Lieutenant Grandy, reached Sierra Leone on the 14th of December last, and left on the 27th for the south coast. The commander was accompanied by his brother, Mr. M. B. Grandy, two Congo men to act as interpreters, nineteen Kroomen, and one of the natives belonging to the police force.

Professor Foster, of Bern, Switzerland, has lately developed the new theory of the origin of the aurora as it had been propounded in London by Professor Glaisher in 1869. According to this theory the aurora is the result of a secondary or induced current of electricity, produced by sudden changes in the earth's magnetic condition. The cause of the latter changes is not yet understood; that they exist, however, is abundantly proved by the automatic records of the observatory at Greenwich. Glaisher's theory assumes these changes in the earth's condition as the cause of the atmospheric currents, and of the magnetic disturbances.

The theory of De La Rive, which for years has been considered the most plausible, on the contrary, considers the atmospheric currents as the primary cause, and the terrestrial phenomena as the result.

The unfavorable response of the British government to the request of the Geographical Society of London that steps be taken to fit out an expedition for polar research does not seem to have discouraged these gentlemen, as more decided and vigorous efforts are about to be made in the same direction. It is announced that, whatever be the action of the government, private enterprise will not be behindhand in the attempt, and that Mr. Leigh Smith will start on his third voyage of arctic discovery in the spring. This gentleman has a fine strong steamer, the *Diana*, and expects to proceed to the Spitzbergen seas, where it is hoped that satisfactory results will be achieved during the year.

The largest catalogue of stars that has ever been published in America is now about to appear from the United States Naval Observatory at Washington.

This work, as we learn from a recent communication of Professor Yarnall, will embody all the valuable observations made since the foundation of the observatory, in 1842, with the meridian instruments, consisting of the work of the well-known astronomers Coffin, Hubbard, Ferguson, Newcomb, Hall, Harkness, and Yarnall. Over fifteen years of labor have been devoted to it by Professor Yarnall and his assistants, and he has himself made nearly one-half of the observations. The catalogue will be based on over eighty thousand observations of more than ten thousand stars, many of them being quite faint, and in extreme southern latitudes, such as have never, or rarely, hitherto been observed.

Professor Yarnall has made an elaborate comparison of his results with the position of the stars given in the *American Nautical Almanac*, and finds that but very small systematic differences exist. Americans will be pleased to welcome this valuable addition to astronomical literature.

In connection with the preceding we recall a statement made one or two years ago, that there were then existing in the store-rooms of the Naval Observatory the unpublished observations for another star catalogue, made some twenty years ago in Santiago by Captain J. M. Gilliss, the late superintendent of the observatory, on the occasion of his expedition to Chili for the determination of the solar parallax. The observations referred to constitute a catalogue of over thirty thousand stars, most of them never otherwise observed. This publication has long been expected by astronomers, and it is to be hoped that Admiral B. F. Sands, the present superintendent, will soon be enabled to complete this great work.

A new society has lately been established in London—"The Society of Telegraph Engineers"—which promises to occupy in science, to some extent, the place that was at one time held by the London Electrical Society, but, of course, with the wider range of labors imposed by the vast extension and social importance of electric science. The society numbers among its members all the prominent electricians of Great Britain, and its publications are of high scientific and practical importance. The discussions that are held at its meetings are partaken in by such men as Siemens, Latimer, Clark, Culley, Varley, Preece, Sabine, Walker, Webber, Wheatstone, Winter, etc. The extensive and thorough scientific knowledge thus brought to bear upon the most difficult problems in electrical science gives great value and interest to the meetings of the society.

The *Semi-Weekly Chronicle*, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, some time ago contained an account of the capture of a very large cuttle-fish, and in its issue of November 19 it notices a second occurrence of a similar character. The animal was found floating on the water in Witless Bay, Newfoundland, by several men who were out fishing, and who succeeded in cutting off one of the arms. This was twenty-seven feet in length, while the body also was said to be about twenty-seven feet long, and as large around as a pork barrel.

The German Fishery Association has issued a circular announcing its intention of taking part, by authority of the government, in the Vienna Exposition, and proposes to bring together as full a series as possible of the apparatus used and the collections made during the German deep-sea explorations, as also a complete collection of the implements employed by the German fishermen, illustrations of the different kinds of products prepared from fish, and models of boats, traps, hatching houses, etc. Applications for space in the Exposition were to be made to the Bureau of the Verein prior to the 1st of February, and the collections themselves brought together in the course of the month of March, to be then transmitted, under suitable superintendence, to Vienna.

The rapid diminution of seals in the North Atlantic, and the impending danger of the failure of a very important branch of the fisheries, have attracted the attention of parties interested in the subject, and on the 24th of January, at Peterhead, in England, a meeting was held of the managing owners of the seal and whale fishing vessels belonging to that port for the purpose of determining the best method of arresting the threatened evil.

Mr. David Gray, a well-known captain in this trade, and one to whom science is indebted for many important observations on the habits and natural history of the narwhal and other Northern species, stated that in consequence of the present mode of conducting the fishing in the Greenland seas, between Spitzbergen and Iceland, and the indiscriminate destruction of the cub seals and mothers which annually takes place during the early part of the season, these animals are likely to be nearly or quite exterminated before long. It was thereupon determined that the seals ought to be protected by a close time, and that an international agreement should be secured for prohibiting the prosecution of the business earlier than April 6.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The recent extensive forgeries on the Bank of England have caused much excitement and interest not only in England, but in this country. Some details respecting the conspiracy and the manner in which it was discovered will not fail to interest many of our readers. From a long editorial in the London *Times* we gather a few general facts. The whole affair began by the person who is now being sought by the police opening an ordinary deposit account with the western branch of the bank. Apparently he was introduced by some well-known customer, as this is always required, and he deposited a sufficient cash balance. Evidently there was no lack of funds to carry on the speculation, and the manager of the plot took good care not to be in a hurry, but to gain a sure footing before he ventured on his ultimate undertaking. He drew upon his balance, renewed it, deposited good, genuine bills, and acquired the reputation of a person engaged in legitimate business, and as being thoroughly trustworthy. At length the forged bills were presented, and discounted without hesitation. About a hundred thousand pounds were safely pocketed by the authors of the fraud. Strange to say, however, the whole of this neatly arranged scheme was discovered by the inevitable flaw which always creeps into the most skillful plots. Two bills were presented in which the date of acceptance was omitted. Of course inquiry was instituted, the dateless bills were found not to be genuine, and afterward the whole series were proved forgeries. Some of the money was invested in United States bonds, which has given rise to the suspicion that the forgers were Americans. The London papers publish a detailed description of the bonds.

Incident in New York street car life. A week or two ago a man entered an Eighth Avenue car, and upon taking his seat began to make insulting remarks in a loud tone to a lady opposite. The gentleman accompanying her requested him to desist, and was told with oaths that if he said a word he would "have his head mashed." The conductor was urged by many passengers to put the ruffian out, but tremblingly asked, "What can I do?" A gentleman hereupon rose, saying in a firm tone, "I'll show you what to do," and went to the disorderly passenger and commanded him to leave the car. He looked fully capable of enforcing his order, and the ruffian—a coward, like all of his class—recognized the fact. After muttering an apology, he submissively obeyed, and sneaked out of the car. Human life on public conveyances in this city seems to be notably unsafe. Who is to protect passengers on our street cars? The police seem unable to do any thing about the matter.

Goods which have been forwarded in government vessels to the Vienna Exhibition will be taken in charge by the American Commissioner. During the Exhibition the American department will be in charge of several commissioners, artisans, and scientists, besides an honorary committee of about one hundred persons.

A new Italian opera lays the scene in the Garden of Eden. The costume of Adam and Eve has been the cause of much discussion; but it is now about decided that Eve shall wear a yellow satin train and diamond necklace, and Adam be clothed with a purple velvet cloak and a rapier.

Galignani makes mention of a new process for cleaning pictures which has been discovered at Amsterdam. It is well known that it is very difficult to remove the old varnish without injuring the delicate lines of the picture beneath. The new system consists in simply spreading a coating of copaiba balsam on the old painting, and then keeping it face downward over a dish of the same size filled with cold alcohol, at an altitude of about three feet. The vapors of the liquid impart to the copaiba a degree of semi-fluidity, in which state it easily amalgamates with the varnish it covers. Thus the original brilliancy and transparency are regained without injuring the oil-painting. After the picture has been hung up for two or three days it looks as if it had been varnished afresh.

Napoleon's watch has turned up—we refer to Napoleon the Great. It is the fashion nowadays for watches and various relics once belonging to notable persons to come out from secret hiding-places. This watch made its appearance in Louisville. We have noticed that many of these curiosities come to light in Louisville. This is the story: About 1812 or 1813, while traveling in a coach-and-six through Holland, Napoleon passed through the fortress of Nernwegen. The inhabitants tendered him a grand reception. A procession was formed, and many of the soldiers who had served under Napoleon in his campaigns turned out as a guard of honor. While approaching the quay on the river Waal the horses attached to the Emperor's carriage became unmanageable, and the vehicle was run on the verge of a precipice. At this moment, with a reckless disregard of his own life, the great-grandfather of the Louisville jeweler who now owns the watch dashed through the crowd and succeeded in stopping the further progress of the frightened horses, and prevented a catastrophe. Napoleon alighted from his carriage, inquired his rescuer's name, and offered him, as a recognition of his service, a commission in the army. This was politely declined, with the reply, "Sire, the loss of my life would have been nothing compared with that of your Majesty; the breaking of my neck would amount to nothing, while your loss would have been an irreparable one to the country." Napoleon was so pleased with the answer that he took the watch from his pocket and presented it to his preserver. The watch has passed from one heir to another, and was finally brought to this country a few months ago.

From the report of the Commissioner of Education it appears that Massachusetts appropriates a sum for public education which averages $20 50 for each child of legal school age. Nevada, a new State, appropriates $19 87½. Georgia and North Carolina give the lowest rates—about 68 and 65 cents to each scholar. The average amount appropriated in the States and Territories is five dollars to each pupil.

The Viceroy of Egypt will find it hard to compete with his ancestors in the Pyramid-building business. Nevertheless it is said he intends to erect a great Pyramid—whether for his own tomb or that of his successors is not stated.

Gas is causing a breeze in New York again. In fact, there is a breeze in some part of the city about it all the time. There seem to be two or more qualities of gas served to consumers, at the option of the companies, and different prices charged for it. Curious, if true. One thing is certain, the whole gas business needs a good deal of light let in upon it. There are some pretty dark spots, and a little more illumination might reveal strange things.

Charcoal fumes afford a favorite means of self-destruction among the French. The *modus operandi* varies, but this is the latest style. A widower, having suffered his irreparable loss, purchased a bushel of charcoal, stopped up every crevice in the chamber, threw himself on his bed, clutching the photograph of his wife, and awaited death. Twenty-four hours later the King of Terrors appeared at the foot of the bed in the shape of a policeman inquiring what was wrong with him in refusing to open his door. The would-be suicide forgot to set fire to the charcoal.

We commend to our lady readers the new-fashioned three-decker hats for theatre, concert, opera, and church use. They are constructed with a window in front and rear, to enable persons sitting behind the wearer to see what is going on.

The British National Life-boat Institution has during the last year saved 548 lives on the coast of the British Isles, and rescued twenty-five ships from destruction. It has also conferred rewards for saving 170 lives by fishing and other boats.

Nicholas of Russia abhorred smoking, and by his orders any person found smoking in the streets was arrested. Alexander, however, was very fond of cigars, but only dared indulge when out of his father's sight. But the Russian cadets—perhaps encouraged by this weakness of Alexander—managed to smoke in their schools, disregarding all penalties. One day—so the story goes—Alexander arrived at a moment when the rooms were full of tobacco-smoke. He did not seem to notice it, but went on with his inspection. Suddenly word came that the Emperor had entered the court-yard of the school. Alexander turned to the boys who followed him and said, "It smells of tobacco here very strong; open quickly the windows. I will go down stairs and detain the Emperor for a while." And so he did. The Emperor noticed nothing, and the Grand Duke Alexander became more than ever the idol of the young men, who are old officers now, but from whose memory the story seems not to have departed.

The climate and the soil of Sicily are peculiarly suited to the growth of the orange. It is said that there are seven distinct species of Sicilian oranges, which are subdivided into no less than thirty-two different kinds.

Scene in a Washington bookstore, as locally reported. Enter colored boy, in haste, and addressing the salesman:

"I want raw and fried, Sir."

"What?"

"Raw and fried," said the boy.

"Down the street you get those."

"No, Sir; I was told to get them here.".

"Why, I do not keep a restaurant."

"Dunno about dat, Sir; I want raw and fried."

"Well, go to Bregazzi's, then."

"Can't get 'em here, boss?"

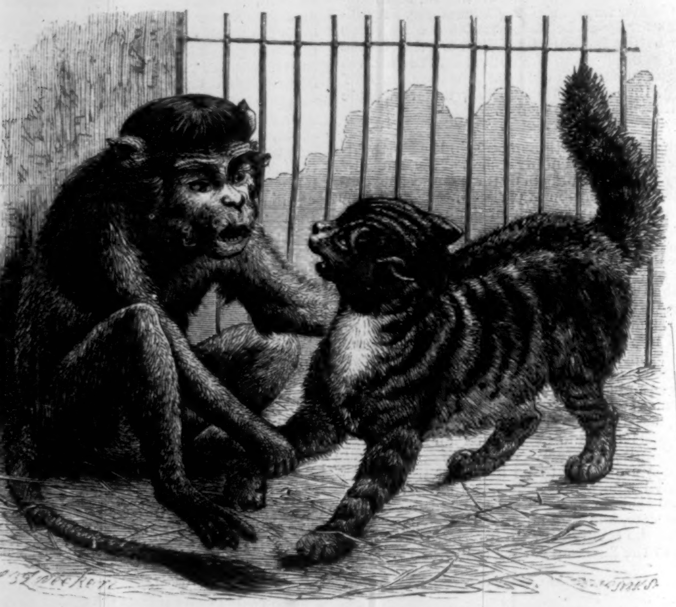
"No. Go back and get put down on paper what you want."

"All right, boss."

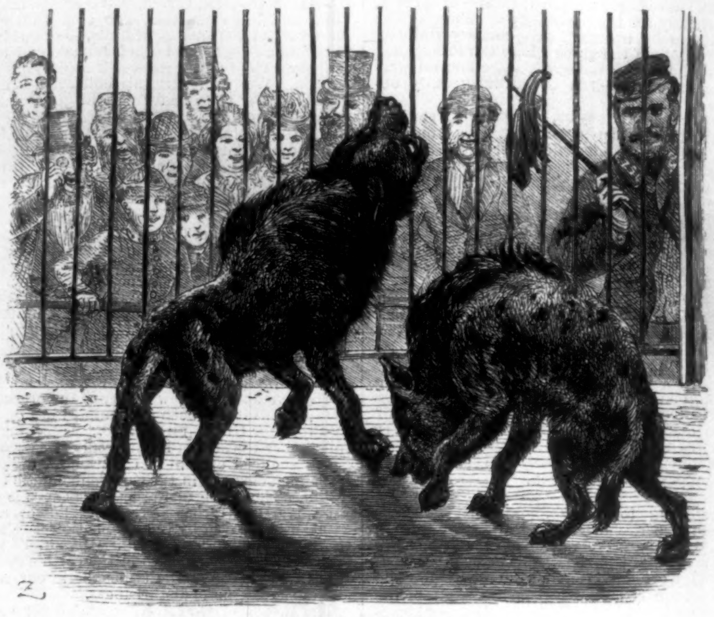
And off he went, returning with a slip of paper on which was written *Aurora Floyd.*

Hamlet has recently been produced at a theatre in Madrid. This is said to be the first time a tragedy of Shakspeare has been performed on the Spanish stage.

It is not surprising, perhaps, considering the *tastes* of Alexandre Dumas, that he should have kept a promise often made, and have written a cookery book, before his busy brain gave way. It was during the year 1869, when the writer had lost both fortune and appetite, when he was in need of money, rest, and amusement, that he exerted his remaining sprightliness to bring together a variety of gastronomic anecdotes, as well as to give explanation regarding the preparation of almost every known dish. The author even tells us how wild beasts should be dressed for the table; nothing seems to have escaped his observation. This *Grand Dictionnaire de Cuisine*, a book of 1155 pages, quarto, exclusive of the appendix, winds up with a series of *menus* for various-sized dinner-parties and various seasons. "Of the real value of the work," remarks the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "one may have some doubts. If no Spaniard could read *Don Quixote* without laughing, it may also be doubted whether any cook could take up Alexandre Dumas's dictionary without getting absorbed in its pages, and keeping his master waiting for his dinner while chuckling over the escapades of Romieu or the gastronomic adventures and disquisitions of the author."



MONKEY AND CAT.



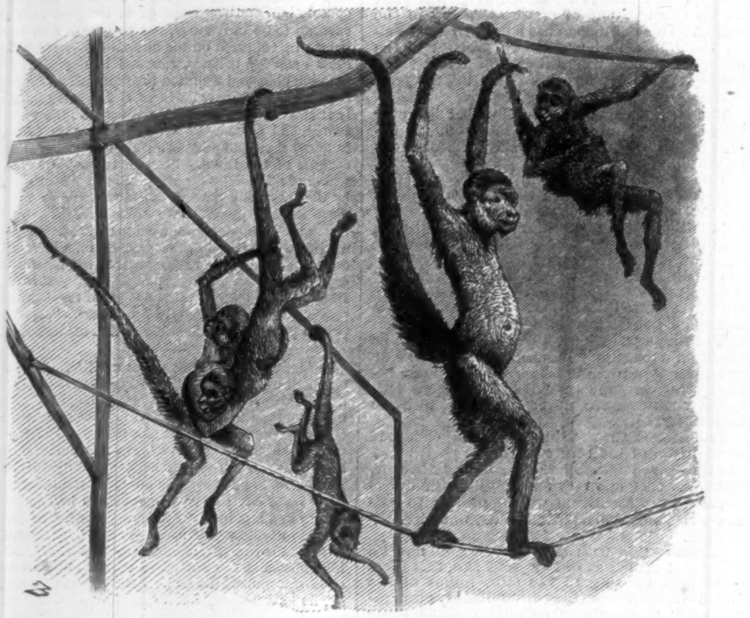
LAUGHING HYENAS.

ZOOLOGICAL ECCENTRICITIES.

Among the schemes proposed by the projectors of our beautiful Central Park was the formation of a grand Zoological Garden, which, like all American institutions, was to cast in the shade every thing of the kind ever attempted in the effete Old World. The collection was to surpass every one ever made since old **Noah** went afloat with his wonderful menagerie. Every climate under the sun was to be made tributary, and the New York Zoological Garden was to be the admiration of the world and the wonder of the nineteenth century.

Although it has not yet attained these colossal proportions—and there is, we all know, a great deal of good-humored banter in American brag, which only an Englishman would take in earnest—the zoological department of Central Park is by no means insignificant, while accessions are coming in with a steadiness which promises well for its future. It has for several years proved a very attractive source of innocent amusement to boys and girls, and no less to those "children of a larger growth" who have happily not outgrown the healthy tastes and simple feelings of their earlier years. As the department increases it is to be hoped that the grounds will be laid out with as much regard to the comfort of the caged creatures and their human visitors as is shown in the celebrated Thiergarten of Berlin. There the space occupied by the zoological collection is perhaps larger than our Park can afford without interfering with other objects. The wild beasts are not only separated according to species, but the groups of cages so artistically disposed and divided from each other by trees and other devices of landscape gardening that the visitor is constantly coming upon some new and pleasant surprise. This arrangement is also serviceable in another way, by preventing the frightful and sickening odor caused by the close penning of a large number of wild animals. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of persons are prevented from visiting the zoological department of Central Park for this reason alone. The animals may have air enough for their own comfort, but not for that of their visitors. We believe that Professor **Waterhouse Hawkins**, when in the employment of the Park Commissioners, perfected a comprehensive plan for laying out the grounds of a magnificent zoological garden in the Park, and that his scheme was frustrated by some of the agents of the "Ring." Whatever may have been the objections, if any existed, to the professor's plan in detail, there can be no question as to the propriety and feasibility of the general idea of such a garden, or that it will some day be carried into effect.

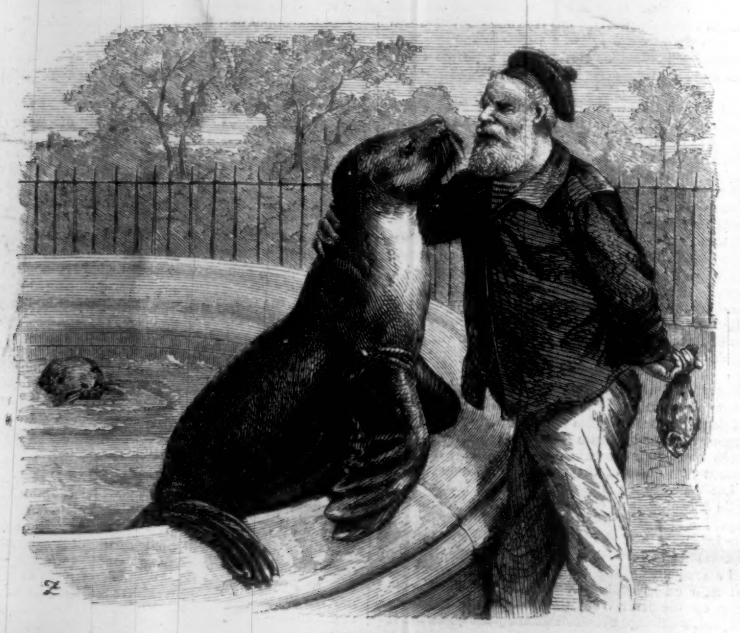
Many of our little readers have no doubt visited the celebrated *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, which suffered so severely during the late sieges of that capital, and the no less celebrated Zoological Gardens of London; and those of them who have also seen the collection in Central Park can realize how much remains to be done in the latter before we can brag much over our friends and rivals across the ocean. But where there is so much to be enjoyed already, they can afford to watch without impatience the increase which goes on so steadily year by year.



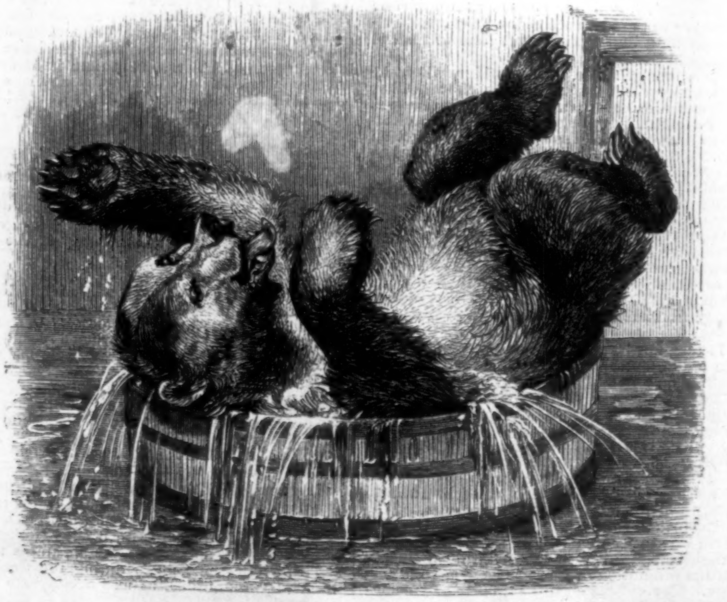
MONKEYS ON THE SLACK ROPE.

A great deal of amusement is to be had in watching wild animals through the bars of a cage—much more, we dare say, to people in general than there would be in viewing them in their native haunts. A Bengal tiger, for example, or an African lion, or an American panther, may present a less majestic appearance lounging in a cage than when it ranged the jungle, the desert, or the forest wilds, but, for a near view, most people prefer them in captivity. And yet one can scarcely help pitying the noble beasts. How suggestive are their movements of the irksomeness of their captivity! Their very limbs seem to remember the freedom of their desert life. What lofty disdain is in their eyes as they look on a crowd of curious spectators! One really feels as if in the presence of a superior being when some lordly lion pauses in his restless round and turns his gaze full upon one, and but for the interests of science one might grow remorseful over his unhappy fate. A visit to the monkeys' cages is a speedy means of curing such sentimentalism. What droll creatures they are, and yet how staid and solemn! With what amusing gravity they play all manner of fantastic tricks on each other! One sometimes is inclined to wonder how they can help laughing themselves at their own antics. But all their drollery is in their motions. There is a species of hyena that laughs, but in a disagreeable, hysterical manner not at all suggestive of an amiable temper. Bears are quite as droll as monkeys when in good spirits, and it is very amusing to watch them at play. An illustration on this page shows the expedient adopted by a bear to get a complete bath one hot summer day. His keeper had served him with a tub of cold water. Bruin tried to get into it, but it proved to be too small for the huge creature, and at last, in order to enjoy the bath thoroughly, he turned round and let himself fall back into the tub. When satisfied with the plunge, he dipped his paws into the water, and then, leaning his back against the pole in his den, washed his face like a great cat. One of the most docile of animals, capable of learning many amusing tricks, is the seal. It soon learns to know its master, and to show affection for him very much in the fashion of an intelligent dog.

Of late days performing seals have come into vogue under various titles, among which the "talking fish" is well known. These clever animals have been taught to perform sundry ingenious feats, requiring not only an intelligent mind to comprehend, but an activity of body to execute apparently incompatible with the conformation of the animal. They will bark at the word of command, their phocine tongue being very freely translated into the language of any country in which they may happen to be; they will rotate in their water-tub with singular velocity; they will offer to kiss any one who is not afraid of their large wet hairy mouth; and, in fine, will go through many similar performances with great skill and seeming enjoyment of the attention paid to them by their visitors; for they are wonderfully fond of admiration, these seals, and although very shy to those with whom they are unacquainted, are highly appreciative of the kind words and caresses which fall to their lot while they are going through their tricks.

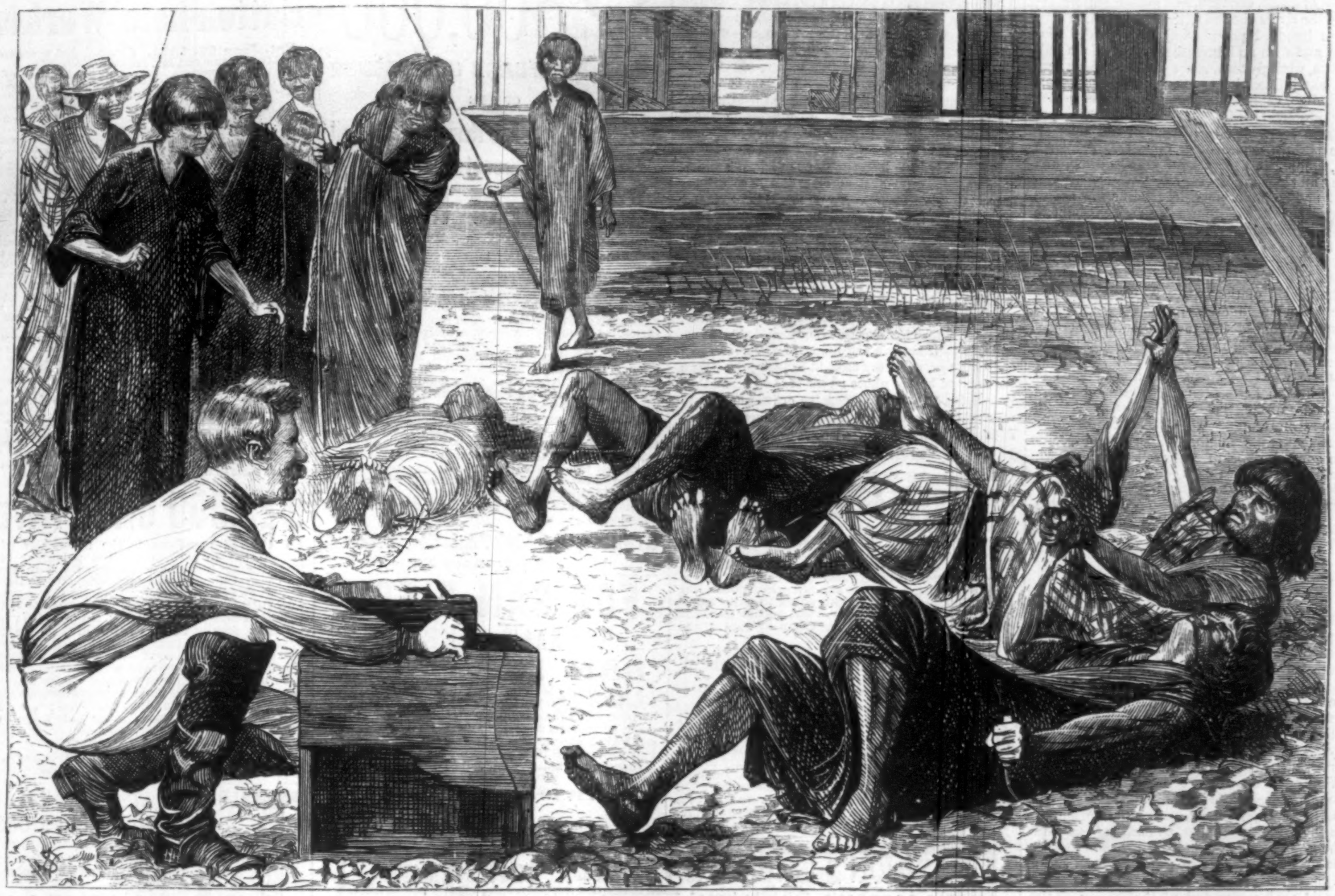


A TAME SEAL.



BRUIN TAKING A BATH.

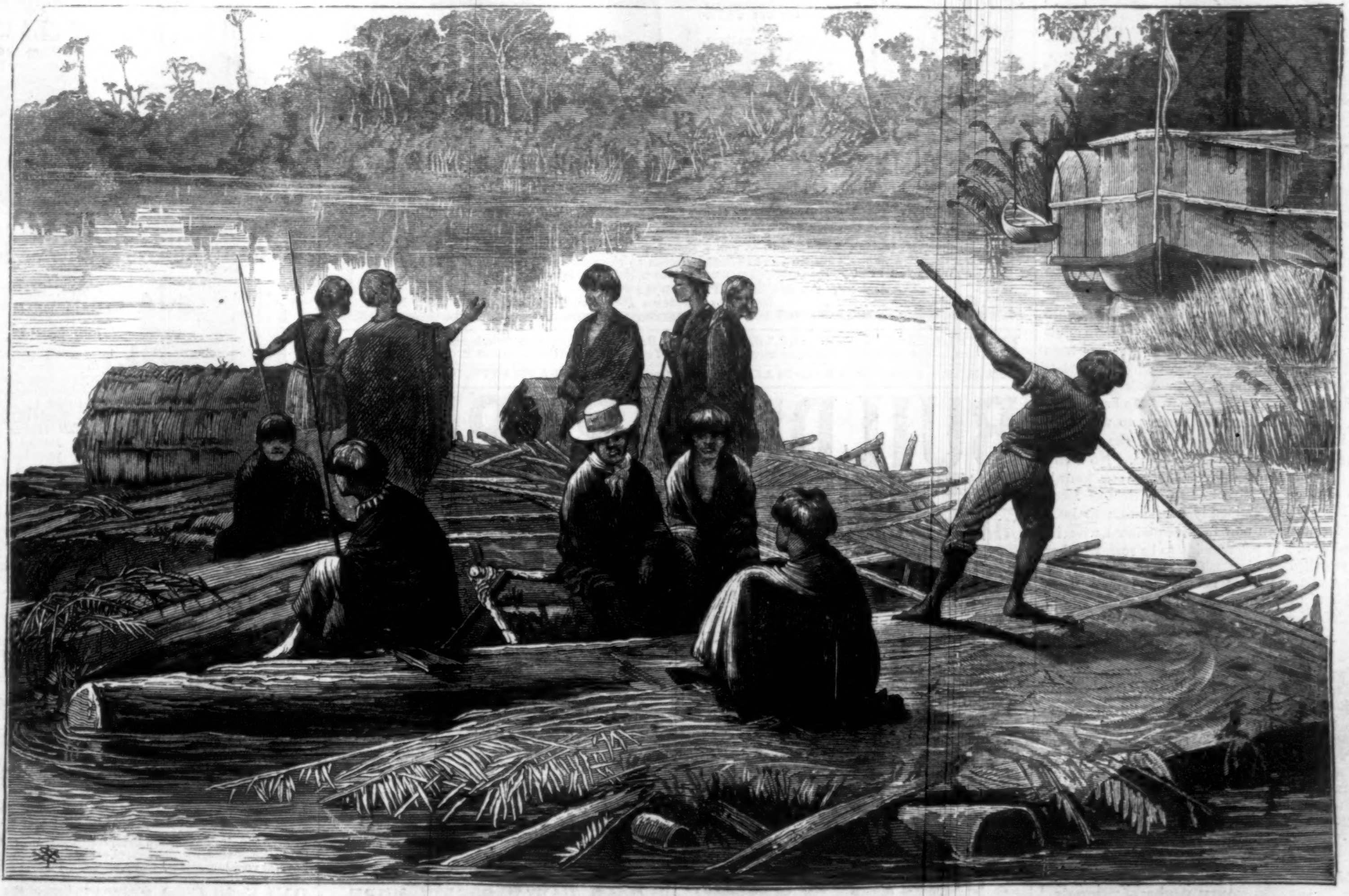
SKETCHES ON THE RIVER AMAZON.



SHOCKING PIRROS INDIANS WITH A GALVANIC BATTERY.

The river Amazon is the principal river of South America, and perhaps the largest in the world. It is formed by the united waters of the Tungaragua and Ucayale, both of which rivers rise in the Andes, near the Pacific Ocean. The mouth of the Amazon was discovered by **Vincent Yanez Pinçon**, in 1500; but it was first explored by **Francis d'Orellana**, in 1539. The name is derived from the report of armed women having been seen on its banks. The Amazon is studded with upward of 3000 islands; its mouth is 180 miles wide; its course, including windings, extends for 4700 miles; it is navigable more than 2000 miles in a direct line from the sea (that is to say, to the foot of the Andes, within 220 miles of Lima); and it presents an area of 50,000 square miles suitable for inland navigation. Though the immense regions through which it flows are little known, except near the river-banks, and are clothed with thick forests and tenanted with wild beasts and Indians, this noble stream is gradually being used by steam-vessels for navigable purposes. Progress in this respect was at first retarded by international jealousies between Peru, which owns the head waters, and Brazil, which possesses the lower waters and mouth of this vast artery; but a few years ago the Brazilian government opened the navigation of these waters to vessels of all nations.

The engravings on this page are made from photographs taken by Mr. **Braham La Mert**, a gentleman who has traveled extensively in South America. The record of his adventures is full of rare interest, and a perusal of it is enough to make one long to quit the dull regions of civilization and plunge into these forests, where vegetation absolutely runs riot; where the soil is thigh-deep with decaying leaves and timber; where there are trees of species innumerable, of strange foliage and hue, of immense size, and of beautiful odor; where the parasitical growths are so vast that if a mighty tree should give way at the root it is gently caught in the arms of mighty creepers; where there are troops of monkeys,



KOKOHAMAS INDIANS FLOATING DOWN STREAM ON A "BALSA," OR RAFT.

herds of wild pigs, armies of humming-birds, and legions of azure, crimson, and golden butterflies; where the rivers abound with mighty fish, of four or five hundred pounds weight, with delicious turtle, and with an immense mammal of the walrus type, wrongly termed the sea-cow; and where such exotic luxuries as cacao, sarsaparilla, cotton, indigo, vanilla, cinnamon, and India rubber grow absolutely wild. There are some drawbacks to these delights. One of the chief of these is the presence of mosquitoes. An Irish lady, landing in Calcutta for the first time, and seeing an elephant, exclaimed, "Gracious goodness! and is that a mosquito?" She was not so far wrong, for the mosquito is a very elephant in the importance it assumes. Jaguars, alligators, and big snakes are nothing to it.

The engravings do not need any special explanation. There are numerous tribes of Indians in the region of the Upper Amazon, differing greatly from each other in disposition. Some are quite civilized (up to the South American standard), others are savage, but friendly toward white men, while a third variety hate the whites, kill them when they can, and are addicted to eating human flesh. The Indians in our first picture are of the tribe called Pirros, and belong to the second category. We can conceive the amazement of these untutored darkies on receiving a galvanic shock, from recollecting our own juvenile sensations in days gone by. In the other picture the *balsa*, or raft, is manned by Kokohamas Indians. In the distance appears the Peruvian steamer *Tambo*, American built.

MEASURING TREE HEIGHTS.

In his tale of *Monsieur Violet* Captain Marryat tells us, as an instance of the great aptitude for applying simple rules possessed by the Shoshonee Indians, that when they desired to measure the height of a tree at any time when its shadow was cast on the ground, they used to place a stick of a given length into the ground, and then, calculating the difference between the length of its shadow and its actual height, and applying the same to the shadow of the tree, they ascertained its correct height, thus unknowingly working out a sum in the rule of three. Any person, however ill-informed, might easily get at the exact height of a tree when the sun shines, or during bright moonlight, by marking two lines on the ground three feet apart, and then placing in the ground on the line nearest to the sun a stick that shall stand exactly three feet out of the soil. When the end of the shadow of the stick exactly touches the farther line, then also the shadow of the tree will be exactly in length the same measurement as its height. Of course in such a case the sun will be at an exact angle of forty-five degrees. Measurements of this character could be best effected in the summer, when the sun is powerful, has reached to a good height in the heavens, and when the trees are clothed with living green, so as to cast a dense shadow. To many to whom this idea might not have occurred, it might be made annually a matter of interest thus on warm summer days to take the height of prominent trees, and so to compare notes of growth from year to year.

THE ADULTERATION OF COFFEE.

We seem to be gradually accumulating a stock of information with regard to what are euphemistically known as "trade secrets" which can not fail to be of service to the housekeeper. The latest secret which has oozed out relates to the composition of coffee—a beverage with whose simple ingredients its drinkers already supposed themselves to be familiar. It was believed that "warranted pure" coffee consisted of coffee and chiccory mixed in relative proportions varying with the taste, prudence, or moral sense of the dealer. It now appears that its composition is somewhat more complex than was imagined, and that the chiccory itself is not an ultimate element. The Inland Revenue Board of Great Britain are "surprised to find" that there is a trade in adulterated chiccory. A chiccory roaster has been taxed with mixing scorched rye with the article which he sells to the chiccory dealers, and has admitted the soft impeachment. He has, moreover, "no doubt" that the dealers to whom he sells it mix it with coffee, and sell the mixture to the public under the latter name. No doubt this revelation materially increases our knowledge of the composition of this article of food, but it would be eminently unscientific to infer that we are even now fully acquainted with its ingredients. It yet remains to be seen whether the scorched rye is itself pure, or whether we only await a further confession from a "rye scorcher" that he also adulterates the article in which he deals.

Union Adams & Co., 637 Broadway, always first to introduce novelties in their line, call attention to various articles of their own manufacture, suitable for the coming season. Their business connections are such that they command the fullest lines of the specialties for which they are famous, and we are informed that their business is largely on the increase, although they retain their old location in Broadway near Bleecker Street.—[*Com.*]

"Married in Mask," a new story by Mansfield Tracy Walworth, Author of "Beverly," "Delaplaine," "Hotspur," etc., has just been commenced in the *New York Weekly*.—[*Com.*]

CAMEOS.

It is not enough to possess a fine Cameo, if one be not, that is, a mere collector, virtuoso, and, so to speak, Cameo-taph, or burier of Cameos in cases and cabinets. There can be nothing more beautiful put upon a beautiful arm than a bracelet of Cameos properly set and adjusted. The rich, soft, mellow tints of the Sardonyx shed a gentle lustre on the carnations of beauty; and we believe that instances have been known in which the artistic interest and merit of the carved heads and figures of the Cameos afforded an excuse for a closer and more admiring inspection of the fair arm which they enclasped, than might otherwise have seemed becoming or permissible. To all this it is necessary, however, that the fine Cameos be finely and skillfully set. Of this truth Messrs. Starr & Marcus, 22 John Street (up stairs), are obviously as well persuaded as they are of the equally important truth that they have educated their customers to be content with nothing poor or trivial in the subjects or execution of the Cameos themselves. It is the special merit of this house, that even in their less expensive and remarkable Cameo work, in their buttons and brooches of carved Onyx and Sardonyx, which are brought by their price within the reach of buyers whose means are less liberal than their tastes, they secure a genuine artistic quality, to which they themselves do justice by settings as refined as they are effective.—[*Com.*]

The Way to Save Money and Health.—The hot weather of summer is a sore trial to the wives and mothers who have a family to sew for and no sewing-machine to do it with. There is no excuse, however, for any family, however poor, remaining long without a sewing-machine, when the Improved Wilson is for sale so cheap, and on such easy terms. Let it be clearly understood that the Wilson is in every respect a first-class machine, but being made by a company not in the great "Ring," it is sold at a fair price, which every one who needs a machine can afford to pay. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

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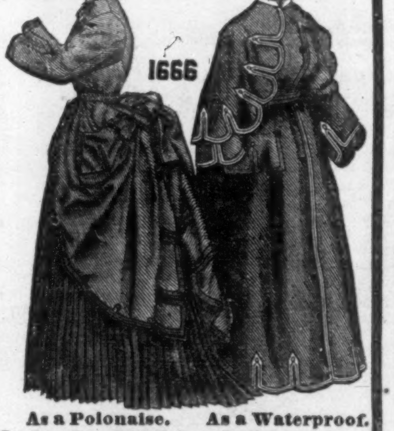

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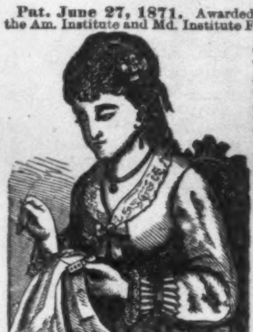

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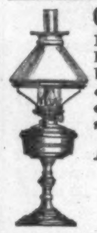

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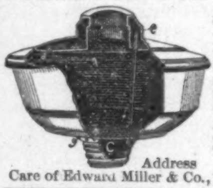

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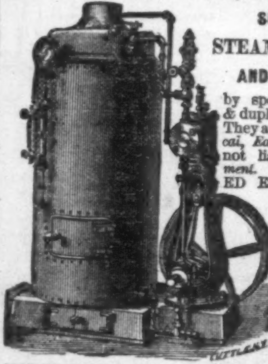

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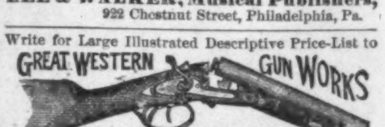

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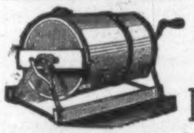

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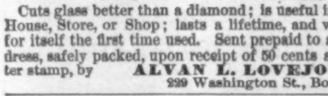

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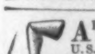

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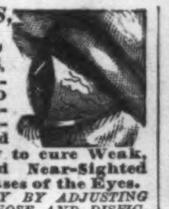

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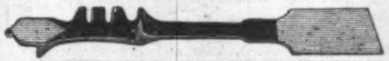

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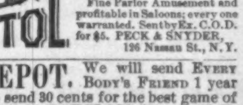

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Vol. V.

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TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 20
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LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	" 23
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BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT	" 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 43
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DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT	" 51

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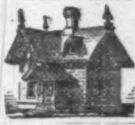

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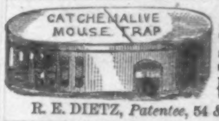

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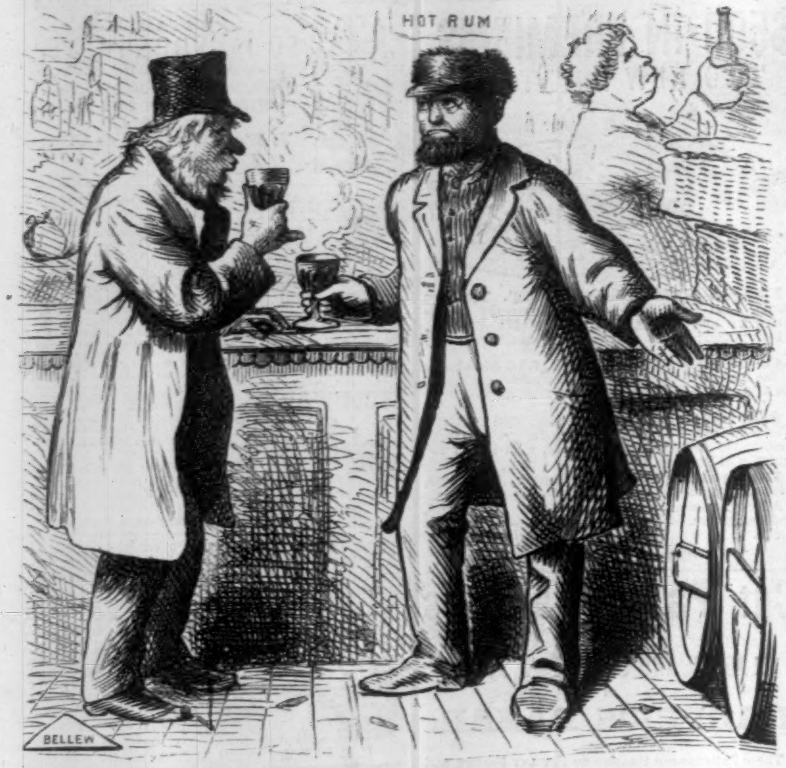

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[Continued from No. 848, Page 262.]

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BOOK FIRST

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*)

LETTER FROM ISAURA CICOGNA TO MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL.

"No letter from you yet, and I have left you in peace for ten days. How do you think I have spent them? The *Maestro* called on us with M. Savarin, to insist on our accompanying them on a round of the theatres. I had not been to one since my arrival. I divined that the kind-hearted composer had a motive in this invitation. He thought that in witnessing the applauses bestowed on actors, and sharing in the fascination in which theatrical illusion holds an audience, my old passion for the stage, and with it the longing for an *artiste's* fame, would revive.

"In my heart I wished that his expectations might be realized. Well for me if I could once more concentre all my aspirations on a prize within my reach!

"We went first to see a comedy greatly in vogue, and the author thoroughly understands the French stage of our day. The acting was excellent in its way. The next night we went to the *Odéon*, a romantic melodrama in six acts, and I know not how many *tableaux*. I found no fault with the acting there. I do not give you the rest of our programme. We visited all the principal theatres, reserving the opera and Madame S—— for the last. Before I speak of the opera, let me say a word or two on the plays.

"There is no country in which the theatre has so great a hold on the public as in France; no country in which the successful dramatist has so high a fame; no country, perhaps, in which the state of the stage so faithfully represents the moral and intellectual condition of the people. I say this not, of course, from my experience of countries which I have not visited, but from all I hear of the stage in Germany and in England.

"The impression left on my mind by the performances I witnessed is, that the French people are becoming dwarfed. The comedies that please them are but pleasant caricatures of petty sections in a corrupt society. They contain no large types of human nature; their witticisms convey no luminous flashes of truth; their sentiment is not pure and noble—it is a sickly and false perversion of the impure and ignoble into travesties of the pure and noble.

"Their melodramas can not be classed as literature—all that really remains of the old French genius is its *vaudeville*.

"Great dramatists create great parts. One great part, such as a Rachel would gladly have accepted, I have not seen in the dramas of the young generation.

"High art has taken refuge in the opera; but that is not French opera. I do not complain so much that French taste is less refined. I complain that French intellect is lowered. The descent from *Polyeucte* to *Ruy Blas* is great, not so much in the poetry of form as in the elevation of thought; but the descent from *Ruy Blas* to the best drama now produced is out of poetry altogether, and into those flats of prose which give not even the glimpse of a mountain-top.

"But now to the opera. S—— in *Norma!* The house was crowded, and its enthusiasm as loud as it was genuine. You tell me that S—— never rivaled Pasta, but certainly her Norma is a great performance. Her voice has lost less of its freshness than I had been told, and what is lost of it her practiced management conceals or carries off.

"The *Maestro* was quite right—I could never vie with her in her own line; but conceited and vain as I may seem even to you in saying so, I feel in my own line that I could command as large an applause—of course taking into account my brief-lived advantage of youth. Her acting, apart from her voice, does not please me. It seems to me to want intelligence of the subtler feelings, the under-current of emotion, which constitutes the chief beauty of the situation and the character. Am I jealous when I say this? Read on and judge.

"On our return that night, when I had seen the Venosta to bed, I went into my own room, opened the window, and looked out. A lovely night, mild as in spring at Florence—the moon at her full, and the stars looking so calm and so high beyond our reach of their tranquillity. The evergreens in the gardens of the villas around me silvered over, and the summer boughs, not yet clothed with leaves, were scarcely visible amidst the changeless smile of the laurels. At the distance lay Paris, only to be known by its innumerable lights. And then I said to myself,

"No, I can not be an actress; I can not resign my real self for that vamped-up hypocrite before the lamps. Out on those stage robes and painted cheeks! Out on that simulated utterance of sentiments learned by rote and practiced before the looking-glass till every gesture has its drill!

"Then I gazed on those stars which provoke our questionings, and return no answer, till my heart grew full, so full, and I bowed my head and wept like a child."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"And still no letter from you! I see in the journals that you have left Nice. Is it that you are too absorbed in your work to have leisure to write to me? I know you are not ill; for if you were, all Paris would know of it. All Europe has an interest in your health. Positively I will write to you no more till a word from yourself bids me do so.

"I fear I must give up my solitary walks in the Bois de Boulogne: they were very dear to me, partly because the quiet path to which I confined myself was that to which you directed me as the one you habitually selected when at Paris, and in which you had brooded over and revolved the loveliest of your romances; and partly because it was there that, catching, alas! not inspiration but enthusiasm from the genius that had hallowed the place, and dreaming I might originate music, I nursed my own aspirations and murmured my own airs. And though so close to that world of Paris to which all artists must appeal for judgment or audience, the spot was so undisturbed, so sequestered. But of late that path has lost its solitude, and therefore its charm.

"Six days ago the first person I encountered in my walk was a man whom I did not then heed. He seemed in thought, or rather in reverie, like myself; we passed each other twice or thrice, and I did not notice whether he was young or old, tall or short; but he came the next day, and a third day, and then I saw that he was young, and, in so regarding him, his eyes became fixed on mine. The fourth day he did not come, but two other men came, and the look of one was inquisitive and offensive. They sat themselves down on a bench in the walk, and though I did not seem to notice them, I hastened home: and the next day, in talking with our kind Madame Savarin, and alluding to these quiet walks of mine, she hinted, with the delicacy which is her characteristic, that the customs of Paris did not allow demoiselles *comme il faut* to walk alone even in the most sequestered paths of the Bois.

"I begin now to comprehend your disdain of customs which impose chains so idly galling on the liberty of our sex.

"We dined with the Savarins last evening: what a joyous nature he has! Not reading Latin, I only know Horace by translations, which I am told are bad; but Savarin seems to me a sort of half Horace. Horace on his town-bred side, so playfully well-bred, so good-humored in his philosophy, so affectionate to friends, and so biting to foes. But certainly Savarin could not have lived in a country farm upon endives and mallows. He is town-bred and Parisian, *jusqu'au bout des ongles*. How he admires you, and how I love him for it! Only in one thing he disappoints me there. It is your style that he chiefly praises: certainly that style is matchless; but style is only the clothing of thought, and to praise your style seems to me almost as invidious as the compliment to some perfect beauty, not on her form and face, but on her taste in dress.

"We met at dinner an American and his wife—a Colonel and Mrs. Morley: she is delicately handsome, as the American women I have seen generally are, and with that frank vivacity of manner which distinguishes them from English women. She seemed to take a fancy to me, and we soon grew very good friends.

"She is the first advocate I have met, except yourself, of that doctrine upon the Rights of Women—of which one reads more in the journals than one hears discussed in *salons*.

"Naturally enough I felt great interest in that subject, more especially since my rambles in the Bois were forbidden; and as long as she declaimed on the hard fate of the women who, feeling within them powers that struggle for air and light beyond the close precinct of household duties, find themselves restricted from fair rivalry with men in such fields of knowledge and toil and glory as men since the world began have appropriated to themselves, I need not say that I went with her cordially: you can guess that by my former letters. But when she entered into the detailed catalogue of our exact wrongs and our exact rights, I felt all the pusillanimity of my sex, and shrank back in terror.

"Her husband, joining us when she was in full tide of eloquence, smiled at me with a kind of saturnine mirth. 'Mademoiselle, don't believe a word she says; it is only tall talk! In America the women are absolute tyrants, and it is I who, in concert with my oppressed countrymen, am going in for a platform agitation to restore the Rights of Men.'

"Upon this there was a lively battle of words between the spouses, in which, I must own, I thought the lady was decidedly worsted.

"No, Eulalie, I see nothing in these schemes for altering our relations toward the other sex which would improve our condition. The inequalities we suffer are not imposed by law—not even by convention; they are imposed by nature.

"Eulalie, you have had an experience unknown to me; you have loved. In that day did you — you, round whom poets and sages and statesmen gather, listening to your words as to an oracle—did you feel that your pride of genius had gone out from you—that your ambition lived in him whom you loved—that his smile was more to you than the applause of a world?

"I feel as if love in a woman must destroy her rights of equality—that it gives to her a sovereign even in one who would be inferior to herself if her love did not glorify and crown him. Ah! if I could but merge this terrible egotism which oppresses me into the being of some one who is what I would wish to be were I man! I would not ask him to achieve fame. Enough if I felt that he was worthy of it, and happier methinks to console him when he failed than to triumph with him when he won. Tell me, have you felt this? When you loved, did you stoop as to a slave, or did you bow down as to a master?"

FROM MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL TO ISAURA CICOGNA.

"Chère enfant,—All your four letters have reached me the same day. In one of my sudden whims I set off with a few friends on a rapid tour along the Riviera to Genoa, thence to Turin on to Milan. Not knowing where we should rest even for a day, my letters were not forwarded.

"I came back to Nice yesterday, consoled for all fatigues in having insured that accuracy in description of localities which my work necessitates.

"You are, my poor child, in that revolutionary crisis through which genius passes in youth before it knows its own self, and longs vaguely to do or to be a something other than it has done or has been before. For, not to be unjust to your own powers, genius you have—that inborn undefinable essence, including talent, and yet distinct from it. Genius you have, but genius unconcentrated, undisciplined. I see, though you are too diffident to say so openly, that you shrink from the fame of singer, because, fevered by your reading, you would fain aspire to the thorny crown of author. I echo the hard saying of the *Maestro*, I should be your worst enemy did I encourage you to forsake a career in which a dazzling success is so assured, for one in which, if it were your true vocation, you would not ask whether you were fit for it; you would be impelled to it by the terrible star which presides over the birth of poets.

"Have you, who are so naturally observant, and of late have become so reflective, never remarked that authors, however absorbed in their own craft, do not wish their children to adopt it? The most successful author is perhaps the last person to whom neophytes should come for encouragement. This I think is not the case with the cultivators of the sister arts. The painter, the sculptor, the musician, seem disposed to invite disciples and welcome acolytes. As for those engaged in the practical affairs of life, fathers mostly wish their sons to be as they have been.

"The politician, the lawyer, the merchant, each says to his children, 'Follow my steps.' All parents in practical life would at least agree in this—they would not wish their sons to be poets. There must be some sound cause in the world's philosophy for this general concurrence of digression from a road of which the travelers themselves say to those whom they love best, 'Beware!'

"Romance in youth is, if rightly understood, the happiest nutriment of wisdom in after-years; but I would never invite any one to look upon the romance of youth as a thing

"'To case in periods and embalm in ink.'

"*Enfant*, have you need of a publisher to create romance? Is it not in yourself? Do not imagine that genius requires for its enjoyment the scratch of the pen and the types of the printer. Do not suppose that the poet, the *romancier*, is most poetic, most romantic, when he is striving, struggling, laboring, to check the rush of his ideas, and materialize the images which visit him as souls into such tangible likenesses of flesh and blood that the highest compliment a reader can bestow on them is to say that they are life-like. No: the poet's real delight is not in the mechanism of composing; the best part of that delight is in the sympathies he has established with innumerable modifications of life and form, and art and nature—sympathies which are often found equally keen in those who have not the same gift of language. The poet is but the interpreter. What of?—Truths in the hearts of others. He utters what they feel. Is the joy in the utterance? Nay, it is in the feeling itself. So, my dear, dark-bright child of song, when I bade thee open, out of the beaten thoroughfare, paths into the meads and river-banks at either side of the formal hedge-rows, rightly dost thou add that I enjoined thee to make thine art thy companion. In the culture of that art for which you are so eminently gifted, you will find the ideal life ever beside the real. Are you not ashamed to tell me that in that art you do but utter the thoughts of others? You utter them in music; through the music you not only give to the thoughts a new character, but you make them reproductive of fresh thoughts in your audience.

"You said very truly that you found in composing you could put into music thoughts which you could not put into words. That is the peculiar distinction of music. No genuine musician can explain in words exactly what he means to convey in his music.

"How little a *libretto* interprets an opera—how little we care even to read it! It is the music that speaks to us; and how?—through the human voice. We do not notice how poor are the words which the voice warbles. It is the voice itself interpreting the soul of the musician which enchants and inthralls us. And you who have that voice pretend to despise the gift. What! despise the power of communicating delight!—the power that we authors envy; and rarely, if ever, can we give delight with so little alloy as the singer.

"And when an audience disperses, can you guess what griefs the singer may have comforted? what hard hearts he may have softened? what high thoughts he may have awakened?

"You say, 'Out on the vamped-up hypocrite! Out on the stage robes and painted cheeks!'

"I say, 'Out on the morbid spirit which so cynically regards the mere details by which a whole effect on the minds and hearts and souls of races and nations can be produced!'

"There, have I scolded you sufficiently? I should scold you more, if I did not see in the affluence of your youth and your intellect the cause of your restlessness.

"Riches are always restless. It is only to poverty that the gods give content.

"You question me about love: you ask me if I have ever bowed to a master, ever merged my life in another's; expect no answer on this from me. Circe herself could give no answer to the simplest maid, who, never having loved, asks, 'What is love?'

"In the history of the passions each human heart is a world in itself: its experience profits no others. In no two lives does love play the same part or bequeath the same record.

"I know not whether I am glad or sorry that the word 'love' now falls on my ear with a sound as slight and as faint as the dropping of a leaf in autumn may fall on thine.

"I volunteer but this lesson, the wisest I can give, if thou canst understand it: as I bade thee take art into thy life, so learn to look on life itself as an art. Thou couldst discover the charm in Tasso; thou couldst perceive that the requisite of all art, that which pleases, is in the harmony of proportion. We lose sight of beauty if we exaggerate the feature most beautiful.

"Love proportioned, adorns the homeliest existence; love disproportioned, deforms the fairest.

"Alas! wilt thou remember this warning when the time comes in which it may be needed?

"E—— G——."

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

It is several weeks after the date of the last chapter; the lime-trees in the Tuileries are clothed in green.

In a somewhat spacious apartment on the ground-floor in the quiet locality of the Rue d'Anjou, a man was seated, very still, and evidently absorbed in deep thought, before a writing-table placed close to the window.

Seen thus, there was an expression of great power both of intellect and of character in a face which, in ordinary social commune, might rather be noticeable for an aspect of hardy frankness, suiting well with the clear-cut, handsome profile, and the rich dark auburn hair, waving carelessly over one of those broad open foreheads which, according to an old writer, seem the "frontispiece of a temple dedicated to Honor."

The forehead, indeed, was the man's most remarkable feature. It could not but prepossess the beholder. When, in private theatricals, he had need to alter the character of his countenance, he did it effectually, merely by forcing down his hair till it reached his eyebrows. He no longer then looked like the same man.

The person I describe has been already introduced to the reader as Graham Vane. But perhaps this is the fit occasion to enter into some such details as to his parentage and position as may make the introduction more satisfactory and complete.

His father, the representative of a very ancient family, came into possession, after a long minority, of what may be called a fair squire's estate, and about half a million in moneyed investments, inherited on the female side. Both land and money were absolutely at his disposal, unencumbered by entail or settlement. He was a man of a brilliant, irregular genius, of princely generosity, of splendid taste, of a gorgeous kind of pride closely allied to a masculine kind of vanity. As soon as he was of age he began to build, converting his squire's hall into a ducal palace. He then stood for the county; and in days before the first Reform Bill, when a county election was to the estate of a candidate what a long war is to the debt of a nation. He won the election; he obtained early successes in Parliament. It was said by good authorities in political circles that, if he chose, he might aspire to lead his party, and ultimately to hold the first rank in the government of his country.

That may or may not be true; but certainly he did not choose to take the trouble necessary for such an ambition. He was too fond of pleasure, of luxury, of pomp. He kept a famous stud of racers and hunters. He was a munificent patron of art. His establishments, his entertainments, were on a par with those of the great noble who represented the loftiest (Mr. Vane would not own it to be the eldest) branch of his genealogical tree.

He became indifferent to political contests, indolent in his attendance at the House, speaking seldom, not at great length nor with much preparation, but with power and fire, originality and genius; so that he was not only effective as an orator, but, combining with eloquence advantages of birth, person, station, the reputation of patriotic independence, and genial attributes of character, he was an authority of weight in the scales of party.

This gentleman, at the age of forty, married the dowerless daughter of a poor but distinguished naval officer, of noble family, first cousin to the Duke of Alton.

He settled on her a suitable jointure, but declined to tie up any portion of his property for the benefit of children by the marriage. He declared that so much of his fortune was invested either in mines, the produce of which was extremely fluctuating, or in various funds, over rapid transfers in which it was his amusement and his interest to have control, unchecked by reference to trustees, that entails and settlements on children were an inconvenience he declined to incur.

Besides, he held notions of his own as to the wisdom of keeping children dependent on their father. "What numbers of young men," said he, "are ruined in character and in fortune by knowing that when their father dies they are certain of the same provision, no matter how they displease him; and in the mean while forestalling that provision by recourse to usurers!" These arguments might not have prevailed over the bride's father a year or two later, when, by the death of intervening kinsmen, he became Duke of Alton; but in his then circumstances the marriage itself was so much beyond the expectations which the portionless daughter of a sea-captain has the right to form, that Mr. Vane had it all his own way, and he remained absolute master of his whole fortune, save of that part of his landed estate on which his wife's jointure was settled; and even from this encumbrance he was very soon freed. His wife died in the second year of marriage, leaving an only son—Graham. He grieved for her loss with all the passion of an impressionable, ardent, and powerful nature. Then for a while he sought distraction to his sorrow by throwing himself into public life with a devoted energy he had not previously displayed.

His speeches served to bring his party into power, and he yielded, though reluctantly, to the unanimous demand of that party that he should accept one of the highest offices in the new Cabinet. He acquitted himself well as an administrator, but declared, no doubt honestly, that he felt like Sindbad released from the old man on his back, when, a year or two afterward, he went out of office with his party. No persuasions could induce him to come in again; nor did he ever again take a very active part in debate. "No," said he, "I was born to the freedom of a private gentleman—intolerable to me is the thralldom of a public servant. But I will bring up my son so that he may acquit the debt which I decline to pay to my country." There he kept his word. Graham had been carefully educated for public life, the ambition for it dinned into his ear from childhood. In his school vacations his father made him learn and declaim chosen specimens of masculine oratory; engaged an eminent actor to give him lessons in elocution; bade him frequent theatres, and study there the effect which words derive from looks and gesture; encouraged him to take part himself in private theatricals. To all this the boy lent his mind with delight. He had the orator's inborn temperament; quick, yet imaginative, and loving the sport of rivalry and contest. Being also, in his boyish years, good-humored and joyous, he was not more a favorite with the masters in the school-room than with boys in the play-ground. Leaving Eton at seventeen, he then entered at Cambridge, and became, in his first term, the most popular speaker at the Union.

But his father cut short his academical career, and decided, for reasons of his own, to place him at once in Diplomacy. He was attached to the Embassy at Paris, and partook of the pleasures and dissipations of that metropolis too keenly to retain much of the sterner ambition to which he had before devoted himself. Becoming one of the spoiled darlings of fashion, there was great danger that his character would relax into the easy grace of the Epicurean, when all such loiterings in the Rose Garden were brought to abrupt close by a rude and terrible change in his fortunes.

His father was killed by a fall from his horse in hunting; and when his affairs were investigated, they were found to be hopelessly involved—apparently the assets would not suffice for the debts. The elder Vane himself was probably not aware of the extent of his liabilities. He had never wanted ready money to the last. He could always obtain that from a money-lender, or from the sale of his funded investments. But it became obvious, on examining his papers, that he knew at least how impaired would be the heritage he should bequeath to a son whom he idolized. For that reason he had given Graham a profession in diplomacy, and for that reason he had privately applied to the Ministry for the Viceroyalty of India, in the event of its speedy vacancy. He was eminent enough not to anticipate refusal, and with economy in that lucrative post much of his pecuniary difficulties might have been redeemed, and at least an independent provision secured for his son.

Graham, like Alain de Rochebriant, allowed no reproach on his father's memory—indeed, with more reason than Alain, for the elder Vane's fortune had at least gone on no mean and frivolous dissipation.

It had lavished itself on encouragement to art—on great objects of public beneficence—on public-spirited aid of political objects; and even in mere selfish enjoyments there was a certain grandeur in his princely hospitalities, in his munificent generosity, in a warm-hearted carelessness for money. No indulgence in petty follies or degrading vices aggravated the offense of the magnificent squanderer.

"Let me look on my loss of fortune as a gain to myself," said Graham, manfully. "Had I been a rich man, my experience of Paris tells me that I should most likely have been a very idle one. Now that I have no gold, I must dig in myself for iron."

The man to whom he said this was an uncle-in-law—if I may use that phrase—the Right Honorable Richard King, popularly styled "the blameless King."

This gentleman had married the sister of Graham's mother, whose loss in his infancy and boyhood she had tenderly and anxiously sought to supply. It is impossible to conceive a woman more fitted to invite love and reverence than was Lady Janet King, her manners were so sweet and gentle, her whole nature so elevated and pure.

Her father had succeeded to the dukedom when she married Mr. King, and the alliance was not deemed quite suitable. Still it was not one to which the Duke would have been fairly justified in refusing his assent.

Mr. King could not, indeed, boast of noble ancestry, nor was he even a landed proprietor; but he was a not undistinguished member of Parliament, of irreproachable character, and ample fortune inherited from a distant kinsman, who had enriched himself as a merchant. It was on both sides a marriage of love.

It is popularly said that a man uplifts a wife to his own rank; it as often happens that a woman uplifts her husband to the dignity of her own character. Richard King rose greatly in public estimation after his marriage with Lady Janet.

She united to a sincere piety a very active and a very enlightened benevolence. She guided his ambition aside from mere party politics into subjects of social and religious interest, and in devoting himself to these he achieved a position more popular and more respected than he could ever have won in the strife of party.

When the government of which the elder Vane became a leading minister was formed, it was considered a great object to secure a name so high in the religious world, so beloved by the working classes, as that of Richard King; and he accepted one of those places which, though not in the Cabinet, confer the rank of privy councilor.

When that brief-lived administration ceased, he felt the same sensation of relief that Vane had felt, and came to the same resolution never again to accept office, but from different reasons, all of which need not now be detailed. Among them, however, certainly this: He was exceedingly sensitive to opinion, thin-skinned as to abuse, and very tenacious of the respect due to his peculiar character of sanctity and philanthropy. He writhed under every newspaper article that had made "the blameless King" responsible for the iniquities of the government to which he belonged. In the loss of office he seemed to recover his former throne.

Mr. King heard Graham's resolution with a grave approving smile, and his interest in the young man became greatly increased. He devoted himself strenuously to the object of saving to Graham some wrecks of his paternal fortunes, and having a clear head and great experience in the transaction of business, he succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations formed by the family solicitor. A rich manufacturer was found to purchase at a fancy price the bulk of the estate with the palatial mansion, which the estate alone could never have sufficed to maintain with suitable establishments.

So that when all debts were paid, Graham found himself in possession of a clear income of about £500 a year, invested in a mortgage secured on a part of the hereditary lands, on which was seated an old hunting-lodge bought by a brewer.

With this portion of the property Graham parted very reluctantly. It was situated amidst the most picturesque scenery on the estate, and the lodge itself was a remnant of the original residence of his ancestors before it had been abandoned for that which, built in the reign of Elizabeth, had been expanded into a Trentham-like palace by the last owner.

But Mr. King's argument reconciled him to the sacrifice. "I can manage," said the prudent adviser, "if you insist on it, to retain that remnant of the hereditary estate which you are so loth to part with. But how? by mortgaging it to an extent that will scarcely leave you £50 a year net from the rents. This is not all. Your mind will then be distracted from the large object of a career to the small object of retaining a few family acres; you will be constantly hampered by private anxieties and fears: you could do nothing for the benefit of those around you—could not repair a farm-house for a better class of tenant—could not rebuild a laborer's dilapidated cottage. Give up an idea that might be very well for a man whose sole ambition was to remain a squire, however beggarly. Launch yourself into the larger world of metropolitan life with energies wholly unshackled, a mind wholly undisturbed, and secure of an income which, however modest, is equal to that of most young men who enter that world as your equals."

Graham was convinced, and yielded, though with a bitter pang. It is hard for a man whose fathers have lived on the soil to give up all trace of their whereabouts. But none saw in him any morbid consciousness of change of fortune, when, a year after his father's death, he reassumed his place in society. If before courted for his expectations, he was still courted for himself; by many of the great who had loved his father, perhaps even courted more.

He resigned the diplomatic career, not merely because the rise in that profession is slow, and in the intermediate steps the chances of distinction are slight and few, but more because he desired to cast his lot in the home country, and regarded the courts of other lands as exile.

It was not true, however, as Lemercier had stated on report, that he lived on his pen. Curbing all his old extravagant tastes, £500 a year amply supplied his wants. But he had by his pen gained distinction, and created great belief in his abilities for a public career. He had written critical articles, read with much praise, in periodicals of authority, and had published one or two essays on political questions, which had created yet more sensation. It was only the graver literature, connected more or less with his ultimate object of a public career, in which he had thus evinced his talents of composition. Such writings were not of a nature to bring him much money, but they gave him a definite and solid station. In the old time, before the first Reform Bill, his reputation would have secured him at once a seat in Parliament; but the ancient nurseries of statesmen are gone, and their place is not supplied.

He had been invited, however, to stand for more than one large and populous borough, with very fair prospects of success; and whatever the expense, Mr. King had offered to defray it. But Graham would not have incurred the latter obligation; and when he learned the pledges which his supporters would have exacted, he would not have stood if success had been certain and the cost nothing. "I can not," he said to his friends, "go into the consideration of what is best for the country with my thoughts manacled; and I can not be both representative and slave of the greatest ignorance of the greatest number. I bide my time, and meanwhile I prefer to write as I please, rather than vote as I don't please."

Three years went by, passed chiefly in England, partly in travel; and at the age of thirty Graham Vane was still one of those of whom admirers say, "He will be a great man some day;" and detractors reply, "Some day seems a long way off."

The same fastidiousness which had operated against that entrance into Parliament to which his ambition not the less steadily adapted itself, had kept him free from the perils of wedlock. In his heart he yearned for love and domestic life, but he had hitherto met with no one who realized the ideal he had formed. With his person, his accomplishments, his connections, and his repute, he might have made many an advantageous marriage. But somehow or other the charm vanished from a fair face if the shadow of a money-bag fell on it; on the other hand, his ambition occupied so large a share in his thoughts that he would have fled in time from the temptation of a marriage that would have overweighted him beyond the chance of rising. Added to all, he desired in a wife an intellect that, if not equal to his own, could become so by sympathy—a union of high culture and noble aspiration, and yet of loving womanly sweetness which a man seldom finds out of books; and when he does find it, perhaps it does not wear the sort of face that he fancies. Be that as it may, Graham was still unmarried and heart-whole.

And now a new change in his life befell him. Lady Janet died of a fever contracted in her habitual rounds of charity among the houses of the poor. She had been to him as the most tender mother, and a lovelier soul than hers never alighted on the earth. His grief was intense; but what was her husband's?—one of those griefs that kill.

To the side of Richard King his Janet had been as the guardian angel. His love for her was almost worship—with her, every object in a life hitherto so active and useful seemed gone. He evinced no noisy passion of sorrow. He shut himself up, and refused to see even Graham. But after some weeks had passed, he admitted the clergyman in whom, on spiritual matters, he habitually confided, and seemed consoled by the visits; then he sent for his lawyer, and made his will; after which he allowed Graham to call on him daily, on the condition that there should be no reference to his loss. He spoke to the young man on other subjects, rather drawing him out about himself, sounding his opinion on various grave matters, watching his face while he questioned, as if seeking to dive into his heart, and sometimes pathetically sinking into silence, broken but by sighs. So it went on for a few more weeks; then he took the advice of his physician to seek change of air and scene. He went away alone, without even a servant, not leaving word where he had gone. After a little while he returned, more ailing, more broken than before. One morning he was found insensible—stricken by paralysis. He regained consciousness, and even for some days rallied strength. He might have recovered, but he seemed as if he tacitly refused to live. He expired at last, peacefully, in Graham's arms.

At the opening of his will, it was found that he had left Graham his sole heir and executor. Deducting government duties, legacies to servants, and donations to public charities, the sum thus bequeathed to his lost wife's nephew was two hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

With such a fortune, opening indeed was made for an ambition so long obstructed. But Graham affected no change in his mode of life; he still retained his modest bachelor's apartments—engaged no servants—bought no horses—in no way exceeded the income he had possessed before. He seemed, indeed, depressed rather than elated by the succession to a wealth which he had never anticipated.

Two children had been born from the marriage of Richard King; they had died young, it is true, but Lady Janet at the time of her own decease was not too advanced in years for the reasonable expectation of other offspring; and even after Richard King became a widower, he had given to Graham no hint of his testamentary dispositions. The young man was no blood-relation to him, and naturally supposed that such relations would become the heirs. But in truth the deceased seemed to have no near relations—none had ever been known to visit him—none raised a voice to question the justice of his will.

Lady Janet had been buried at Kensal Green; her husband's remains were placed in the same vault.

For days and days Graham went his way lonelily to the cemetery. He might be seen standing motionless by that tomb, with tears rolling down his cheeks; yet his was not a weak nature—not one of those that love indulgence of irremediable grief. On the contrary, people who did not know him well said "that he had more head than heart," and the character of his pursuits, as of his writings, was certainly not that of a sentimentalist. He had not thus visited the tomb till Richard King had been placed within it. Yet his love for his aunt was unspeakably greater than that which he could have felt for her husband. Was it, then, the husband that he so much more acutely mourned; or was there something that, since the husband's death, had deepened his reverence for the memory of her whom he not only loved as a mother, but honored as a saint?

These visits to the cemetery did not cease till Graham was confined to his bed by a very grave illness—the only one he had ever known. His physician said it was nervous fever, and occasioned by moral shock or excitement; it was attended with delirium. His recovery was slow, and when it was sufficiently completed he quitted England; and we find him now, with his mind composed, his strength restored, and his spirits braced, in that gay city of Paris, hiding, perhaps, some earnest purpose amidst his participation in its holiday enjoyments.

He is now, as I have said, seated before his writing-table in deep thought. He takes up a letter which he had already glanced over hastily, and reperuses it with more care.

The letter is from his cousin, the Duke of Alton, who had succeeded a few years since to the family honors—an able man, with no small degree of information, an ardent politician, but of very rational and temperate opinions; too much occupied by the cares of a princely estate to covet office for himself; too sincere a patriot not to desire office for those to whose hands he thought the country might be most safely intrusted—an intimate friend of Graham's. The contents of the letter are these:

"MY DEAR GRAHAM,—I trust that you will welcome the brilliant opening into public life which these lines are intended to announce to you. Vavasour has just been with me to say that he intends to resign his seat for the county when Parliament meets, and agreeing with me that there is no one so fit to succeed him as yourself, he suggests the keeping his intention secret until you have arranged your committee and are prepared to take the field. You can not hope to escape a contest; but I have examined the Register, and the party has gained rather than lost since the last election, when Vavasour was so triumphantly returned.

"The expenses for this county, where there are so many out-voters to bring up, and so many agents to retain, are always large in comparison with some other counties; but that consideration is all in your favor, for it deters Squire Hunston, the only man who could beat you, from starting; and to your resources a thousand pounds more or less are a trifle not worth discussing. You know how difficult it is nowadays to find a seat for a man of moderate opinions like yours and mine. Our county would exactly suit you. The constituency is so evenly divided between the urban and rural populations, that its representative must fairly consult the interests of both. He can be neither an ultra-Tory nor a violent Radical. He is left to the enviable freedom, to which you say you aspire, of considering what is best for the country as a whole.

"Do not lose so rare an opportunity. There is but one drawback to your triumphant candidature. It will be said that you have no longer an acre in the county in which the Vanes have been settled so long. That drawback can be removed. It is true that you can never hope to buy back the estates which you were compelled to sell at your father's death—the old manufacturer gripes them too firmly to loosen his hold; and after all, even were your income double what it is, you would be overhoused in the vast pile in which your father buried so large a share of his fortune. But that beautiful old hunting-lodge, the *Stamm Schloss* of your family, with the adjacent farms, can be now repurchased very reasonably. The brewer who bought them is afflicted with an extravagant son, whom he placed in the —— Hussars, and will gladly sell the property for £5000 more than he gave: well worth the difference, as he has improved the farm-buildings and raised the rental. I think, in addition to the sum you have on mortgage, £23,000 will be accepted, and as a mere investment pay you nearly three per cent. But to you it is worth more than double the money; it once more identifies your ancient name with the county. You would be a greater personage with that moderate holding in the district in which your race took root, and on which your father's genius threw such a lustre, than you would be if you invested all your wealth in a county in which every squire and farmer would call you 'the new man.' Pray think over this most seriously, and instruct your solicitor to open negotiations with the brewer at once. But rather put yourself into the train, and come back to England straight to me. I will ask Vavasour to meet you. What news from Paris? Is the Emperor as ill as the papers insinuate? And is the revolutionary party gaining ground? Your affectionate cousin, ALTON."

As he put down this letter, Graham heaved a short impatient sigh.

"The old *Stamm Schloss*," he muttered—"a foot on the old soil once more! and an entrance into the great arena with hands unfettered. Is it possible!—is it—is it?"

At this moment the door-bell of the apartment rang, and a servant whom Graham had hired at Paris as a *laquais de place* announced "*Ce Monsieur.*"

Graham hurried the letter into his port-folio, and said, "You mean the person to whom I am always at home?"

"The same, monsieur."

"Admit him, of course."

There entered a wonderfully thin man, middle-aged, clothed in black, his face cleanly shaven, his hair cut very short, with one of those faces which, to use a French expression, say "nothing." It was absolutely without expression—it had not even, despite its thinness, one salient feature. If you had found yourself any where seated next to that man, your eye would have passed him over as too insignificant to notice; if at a *café*, you would have gone on talking to your friend without lowering your voice. What mattered it whether a *bête* like that overheard or not? Had you been asked to guess his calling and station, you might have said, minutely observing the freshness of his clothes and the undeniable respectability of his *tout ensemble*, "He must be well off, and with no care for customers on his mind—a *ci-devant* chandler who has retired on a legacy."

Graham rose at the entrance of his visitor, motioned him courteously to a seat beside him, and waiting till the *laquais* had vanished, then asked, "What news?"

"None, I fear, that will satisfy monsieur. I have certainly hunted out, since I had last the honor to see you, no less than four ladies of the name of Duval, but only one of them took that name from her parents, and was also christened Louise."

"Ah—Louise."

"Yes, the daughter of a perfumer, aged twenty-eight. She, therefore, is not the Louise you seek. Permit me to refer to your instructions." Here M. Renard took out a note-book, turned over the leaves, and resumed—"Wanted, Louise Duval, daughter of Auguste Duval, a French drawing-master, who lived for many years at Tours, removed to Paris in 1845, lived at No. 12 Rue de S—— at Paris for some years, but afterward moved to a different *quartier* of the town, and died, 1848, in Rue L——, No. 39. Shortly after his death, his daughter Louise left that lodging, and could not be traced. In 1849 official documents reporting her death were forwarded from Munich to a person (a friend of yours, monsieur). Death, of course, taken for granted; but nearly five years afterward, this very person encountered the said Louise Duval at Aix-la-Chapelle, and never heard nor saw more of her. *Demande* submitted, to find out said Louise Duval or any children of hers born in 1848–9; supposed in 1852–3 to have one child, a girl, between four and five years old. Is that right, monsieur?"

"Quite right."

"And this is the whole information given to me. Monsieur, on giving it, asked me if I thought it desirable that he should commence inquiries at Aix-la-Chapelle, where Louise Duval was last seen by the person interested to discover her. I reply, No;—pains thrown away. Aix-la-Chapelle is not a place where any Frenchwoman not settled there by marriage would remain. Nor does it seem probable that the said Duval would venture to select for her residence Munich, a city in which she had contrived to obtain certificates of her death. A Frenchwoman who has once known Paris always wants to get back to it; especially, monsieur, if she has the beauty which you assign to this lady. I therefore suggested that our inquiries should commence in this capital. Monsieur agreed with me, and I did not grudge the time necessary for investigation."

"You were most obliging. Still I am beginning to be impatient if time is to be thrown away."

"Naturally. Permit me to return to my notes. Monsieur informs me that twenty-one years ago, in 1848, the Parisian police were instructed to find out this lady and failed, but gave hopes of discovering her through her relations. He asks me to refer to our archives; I tell him that is no use. However, in order to oblige him, I do so. No trace of such inquiry—it must have been, as monsieur led me to suppose, a strictly private one, unconnected with crime or with politics; and as I have the honor to tell monsieur, no record of such investigations is preserved in the Rue Jerusalem. Great scandal would there be, and injury to the peace of families, if we preserved the results of private inquiries intrusted to us—by absurdly jealous husbands, for instance. Honor, monsieur, honor forbids it. Next, I suggest to monsieur that his simplest plan would be an advertisement in the French journals, stating, if I understand him right, that it is for the pecuniary interest of Madame or Mademoiselle Duval, daughter of Auguste Duval, *artiste en dessin*, to come forward. Monsieur objects to that."

"I object to it extremely; as I have told you, this is a strictly confidential inquiry, and an advertisement, which in all likelihood would be practically useless (it proved to be so in a former inquiry), would not be resorted to unless all else failed, and even then with reluctance."

"Quite so. Accordingly, monsieur delegates to me, who have been recommended to him as the best person he can employ in that department of our police which is not connected with crime or political *surveillance*, a task the most difficult. I have, through strictly private investigations, to discover the address and prove the identity of a lady bearing a name among the most common in France, and of whom nothing has been heard for fifteen years, and then at so migratory an *endroit* as Aix-la-Chapelle. You will not or can not inform me if since that time the lady has changed her name by marriage."

"I have no reason to think that she has; and there are reasons against the supposition that she married after 1849."

"Permit me to observe that the more details of information monsieur can give me, the easier my task of research will be."

"I have given you all the details I can, and, aware of the difficulty of tracing a person with a name so much the reverse of singular, I adopted your advice in our first interview, of asking some Parisian friend of mine, with a large acquaintance in the miscellaneous societies of your capital, to inform me of any ladies of that name whom he might chance to encounter; and he, like you, has lighted upon one or two, who, alas! resemble the right one in name, and nothing more."

"You will do wisely to keep him on the watch as well as myself. If it were but a murderess or a political incendiary, then you might trust exclusively to the enlightenment of our *corps*, but this seems an affair of sentiment, monsieur. Sentiment is not in our way. Seek the trace of that in the haunts of pleasure."

M. Renard, having thus poetically delivered himself of that philosophical dogma, rose to depart.

Graham slipped into his hand a bank-note of sufficient value to justify the profound bow he received in return.

When M. Renard had gone, Graham heaved another impatient sigh, and said to himself, "No, it is not possible—at least not yet."

Then, compressing his lips as a man who forces himself to something he dislikes, he dipped his pen into the inkstand, and wrote rapidly thus to his kinsman:

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I lose not a post in replying to your kind and considerate letter. It is not in my power at present to return to England. I need not say how fondly I cherish the hope of representing the dear old county some day. If Vavasour could be induced to defer his resignation of the seat for another session, or at least for six or seven months, why then I might be free to avail myself of the opening; at present I am not. Meanwhile I am sorely tempted to buy back the old Lodge—probably the brewer would allow me to leave on mortgage the sum I myself have on the property and a few additional thousands. I have reasons for not wishing to transfer at present much of the money now invested in the funds. I will consider this point, which probably does not press.

"I reserve all Paris news till my next; and begging you to forgive so curt and unsatisfactory a reply to a letter so important that it excites me more than I like to own, believe me, your affectionate friend and cousin, GRAHAM."

CHAPTER II.

AT about the same hour on the same day in which the Englishman held the conference with the Parisian detective just related, the Marquis de Rochebriant found himself by appointment in the *cabinet d'affaires* of his *avoué* M. Gandrin: that gentleman had hitherto not found time to give him a definitive opinion as to the case submitted to his judgment. The *avoué* received Alain with a kind of forced civility, in which the natural intelligence of the Marquis, despite his inexperience of life, discovered embarrassment.

"*Monsieur le Marquis*," said Gandrin, fidgeting among the papers on his bureau, "this is a very complicated business. I have given not only my best attention to it, but to your general interests. To be plain, your estate, though a fine one, is fearfully encumbered — fearfully—frightfully."

"Sir," said the Marquis, haughtily, "that is a fact which was never disguised from you."

"I do not say that it was, Marquis; but I scarcely realized the amount of the liabilities nor the nature of the property. It will be difficult—nay, I fear, impossible—to find any capitalist to advance a sum that will cover the mortgages at an interest less than you now pay. As for a company to take the whole trouble off your hands, clear off the mortgages, manage the forests, develop the fisheries, guarantee you an adequate income, and at the end of twenty-one years or so render up to you or your heirs the free enjoyment of an estate thus improved, we must dismiss that prospect as a wild dream of my good friend M. Hébert's. People in the provinces do dream; in Paris every body is wide awake."

"Monsieur," said the Marquis, with that inborn imperturbable loftiness of *sang froid* which has always in adverse circumstances characterized the French *noblesse*, "be kind enough to restore my papers. I see that you are not the man for me. Allow me only to thank you, and inquire the amount of my debt for the trouble I have given."

"Perhaps you are quite justified in thinking I am not the man for you, *Monsieur le Marquis;* and your papers shall, if you decide on dismissing me, be returned to you this evening. But as to my accepting remuneration where I have rendered no service, I request *M. le Marquis* to put that out of the question. Considering myself, then, no longer your *avoué*, do not think I take too great a liberty in volunteering my counsel as a friend—or a friend at least to M. Hébert, if you do not vouchsafe my right so to address yourself."

M. Gandrin spoke with a certain dignity of voice and manner which touched and softened his listener.

"You make me your debtor far more than I pretend to repay," replied Alain. "Heaven knows I want a friend, and I will heed with gratitude and respect all your counsels in that character."

"Plainly and briefly, my advice is this: Monsieur Louvier is the principal mortgagee. He is among the six richest negotiators of Paris. He does not, therefore, want money, but, like most self-made men, he is very accessible to social vanities. He would be proud to think he had rendered a service to a Rochebriant. Approach him either through me, or, far better, at once introduce yourself, and propose to consolidate all your other liabilities in one mortgage to him, at a rate of interest lower than that which is now paid to some of the small mortgagees. This would add considerably to your income, and would carry out M. Hébert's advice."

"But does it not strike you, dear M. Gandrin, that such going cap in hand to one who has power over my fate, while I have none over his, would scarcely be consistent with my self-respect, not as Rochebriant only, but as Frenchman?"

"It does not strike me so in the least; at all events, I could make the proposal on your behalf without compromising yourself, though I should be far more sanguine of success if you addressed M. Louvier in person."

"I should nevertheless prefer leaving it in your hands; but even for that I must take a few days to consider. Of all the mortgagees, M. Louvier has been hitherto the severest and most menacing, the one whom Hébert dreads the most; and should he become sole mortgagee, my whole estate would pass to him if, through any succession of bad seasons and failing tenants, the interest was not punctually paid."

"It could so pass to him now."

"No; for there have been years in which the other mortgagees, who are Bretons, and would be loath to ruin a Rochebriant, have been lenient and patient."

"If Louvier has not been equally so, it is only because he knew nothing of you, and your father no doubt had often sorely tasked his endurance. Come, suppose we manage to break the ice easily. Do me the honor to dine here to meet him; you will find that he is not an unpleasant man."

The Marquis hesitated, but the thought of the sharp and seemingly hopeless struggle for the retention of his ancestral home to which he would be doomed if he returned from Paris unsuccessful in his errand overmastered his pride. He felt as if that self-conquest was a duty he owed to the very tombs of his fathers. "I ought not to shrink from the face of a creditor," said he, smiling somewhat sadly, "and I accept the proposal you so graciously make."

"You do well, Marquis, and I will write at once to Louvier to ask him to give me his first disengaged day."

The Marquis had no sooner quitted the house than M. Gandrin opened a door at the side of his office, and a large portly man strode into the room—stride it was rather than step—firm, self-assured, arrogant, masterful.

"Well, *mon ami*," said this man, taking his stand at the hearth, as a king might take his stand in the hall of his vassal—"and what says our *petit muscadin?*"

"He is neither *petit* nor *muscadin*, Monsieur Louvier," replied Gandrin, peevishly; "and he will task your powers to get him thoroughly into your net. But I have persuaded him to meet you here. What day can you dine with me? I had better ask no one else."

"To-morrow I dine with my friend O——, to meet the chiefs of the Opposition," said Monsieur Louvier, with a sort of careless rollicking pomposity. "Thursday with Periera — Saturday I entertain at home. Say Friday. Your hour?"

"Seven."

"Good! Show me those Rochebriant papers again; there is something I had forgotten to note. Never mind me. Go on with your work as if I were not here."

Louvier took up the papers, seated himself in an arm-chair by the fire-place, stretched out his legs, and read at his ease, but with a very rapid eye, as a practiced lawyer skims through the technical forms of a case to fasten upon the marrow of it.

"Ah! as I thought. The farms could not pay even the interest on my present mortgage; the forests come in for that. If a contractor for the yearly sale of the woods was bankrupt and did not pay, how could I get my interest? Answer me that, Gandrin."

"Certainly you must run the risk of that chance."

"Of course the chance occurs, and then I foreclose*—I seize—Rochebriant and its *seigneuries* are mine."

As he spoke he laughed, not sardonically—a jovial laugh—and opened wide, to reshut as in a vise, the strong iron hand which had doubtless closed over many a man's all.

"Thanks. On Friday, seven o'clock." He tossed the papers back on the bureau, nodded a royal nod, and strode forth imperiously as he had strided in.

CHAPTER III.

MEANWHILE the young Marquis pursued his way thoughtfully through the streets, and entered the Champs Elysées. Since we first, nay, since we last saw him, he is strikingly improved in outward appearances. He has unconsciously acquired more of the easy grace of the Parisian in gait and bearing. You would no longer detect the Provincial—perhaps, however, because he is now dressed, though very simply, in habiliments that belong to the style of the day. Rarely among the loungers in the Champs Elysées could be seen a finer form, a comelier face, an air of more unmistakable distinction.

The eyes of many a passing fair one gazed on him, admiringly or coquettishly. But he was still so little the true Parisian that they got no smile, no look in return. He was wrapped in his own thoughts; was he thinking of M. Louvier?

He had nearly gained the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, when he was accosted by a voice behind, and, turning round, saw his friend Lemercier arm in arm with Graham Vane.

"*Bon-jour*, Alain," said Lemercier, hooking his disengaged arm into Rochebriant's. "I suspect we are going the same way."

Alain felt himself change countenance at this conjecture, and replied, coldly, "I think not; I have got to the end of my walk, and shall turn back to Paris;" addressing himself to the Englishman, he said, with formal politeness, "I regret not to have found you at home when I called some weeks ago, and no less so to have been out when you had the complaisance to return my visit."

"At all events," replied the Englishman, "let me not lose the opportunity of improving our acquaintance which now offers. It is true that our friend Lemercier, catching sight of me in the Rue de Rivoli, stopped his *coupé* and carried me off for a promenade in the Bois. The fineness of the day tempted us to get out of his carriage as the Bois came in sight. But if you are going back to Paris, I relinquish the Bois, and offer myself as your companion."

Frederic (the name is so familiarly English that the reader might think me pedantic did I accentuate it as French) looked from one to the other of his two friends, half amused and half angry.

"And am I to be left alone to achieve a conquest, in which, if I succeed, I shall change into hate and envy the affection of my two best friends?—Be it so.

"'Un véritable amant ne connait point d'amis.'"

"I do not comprehend your meaning," said the Marquis, with a compressed lip and a slight frown.

"Bah!" cried Frederic; "come, *franc jeu*—cards on the table — M. Gramm-Varn was going into the Bois at my suggestion on the chance of having another look at the pearl-colored angel; and you, Rochebriant, can't deny that you were going into the Bois for the same object."

"One may pardon an *enfant terrible*," said the Englishman, laughing, "but an *ami terrible* should be sent to the galleys. Come, Marquis, let us walk back and submit to our fate. Even were the lady once more visible, we have no chance of being observed by the side of a Lovelace so accomplished and so audacious!"

"Adieu, then, recreants—I go alone. Victory or death."

The Parisian beckoned his coachman, entered his carriage, and, with a mocking grimace, kissed his hand to the companions thus deserting or deserted.

Rochebriant touched the Englishman's arm, and said, "Do you think that Lemercier could be impertinent enough to accost that lady?"

"In the first place," returned the Englishman, "Lemercier himself tells me that the lady has for several weeks relinquished her walks in the Bois, and the probability is, therefore, that he will not have the opportunity to accost her. In the next place, it appears that when she did take her solitary walk she did not stray far from her carriage, and was in reach of the protection of her *laquais* and coachman. But to speak honestly, do you, who know Lemercier better than I, take him to be a man who would commit an impertinence to a woman unless there were *viveurs* of his own sex to see him do it."

Alain smiled. "No. Frederic's real nature is an admirable one, and if he ever do any thing that he ought to be ashamed of, 'twill be from the pride of showing how finely he can do it. Such was his character at college, and such it still seems at Paris. But it is true that the lady has forsaken her former walk; at least I—I have not seen her since the day I first beheld her in company with Frederic. Yet—yet, pardon me, you were going to the Bois on the chance of seeing her. Perhaps she has changed the direction of her walk, and—and—"

The Marquis stopped short, stammering and confused.

The Englishman scanned his countenance with the rapid glance of a practiced observer of men and things, and after a short pause said: "If the lady has selected some other spot for her promenade, I am ignorant of it; nor have I even volunteered the chance of meeting with her since I learned — first from Lemercier, and afterward from others—that her destination is the stage. Let us talk frankly, Marquis. I am accustomed to take much exercise on foot, and the Bois is my favorite resort; one day I there found myself in the *allée* which the lady we speak of used to select for her promenade, and there saw her. Something in her face impressed me; how shall I describe the impression? Did you ever open a poem, a romance, in some style wholly new to you, and before you were quite certain whether or not its merits justified the interest which the novelty inspired, you were summoned away, or the book was taken out of your hands? If so, did you not feel an intellectual longing to have another glimpse of the book? That illustration describes my impression, and I own that I twice again went to the same *allée*. The last time I only caught sight of the young lady as she was getting into her carriage. As she was then borne away, I perceived one of the custodians of the Bois; and learned, on questioning him, that the lady was in the habit of walking always alone in the same *allée* at the same hour on most fine days, but that he did not know her name or address. A motive of curiosity—perhaps an idle one—then made me ask Lemercier, who boasts of knowing his Paris so intimately, if he could inform me who the lady was. He undertook to ascertain."

"But," interposed the Marquis, "he did not ascertain who she was; he only ascertained where she lived, and that she and an elder companion were Italians, whom he suspected, without sufficient ground, to be professional singers."

"True; but since then I ascertained more detailed particulars from two acquaintances of mine who happen to know her—M. Savarin, the distinguished writer, and Mrs. Morley, an accomplished and beautiful American lady, who is more than an acquaintance. I may boast the honor of ranking among her friends. As Savarin's villa is at A——, I asked him incidentally if he knew the fair neighbor whose face had so attracted me; and Mrs. Morley being present, and overhearing me, I learned from both what I now repeat to you.

"The young lady is a Signorina Cicogna—at Paris exchanging (except among particular friends), as is not unusual, the outlandish designation of signorina for the more conventional one of mademoiselle. Her father was a member of the noble Milanese family of the same name, therefore the young lady is well born. Her father has been long dead; his widow married again an English gentleman settled in Italy, a scholar and antiquarian; his name was Selby. This gentleman, also dead, bequeathed the signorina a small but sufficient competence. She is now an orphan, and residing with a companion, a Signora Venosta, who was once a singer of some repute at the Neapolitan Theatre, in the orchestra of which her husband was principal performer; but she relinquished the stage several years ago on becoming a widow, and gave lessons as a teacher. She has the character of being a scientific musician, and of unblemished private respectability. Subsequently she was induced to give up general teaching, and undertake the musical education and the social charge of the young lady with her. This girl is said to have early given promise of extraordinary excellence as a singer, and excited great interest among a coterie of literary critics and musical *cognoscenti*. She was to have come out at the Theatre of Milan a year or two ago, but her career has been suspended in consequence of ill health, for which she is now at Paris under the care of an English physician, who has made remarkable cures in all complaints of the respiratory organs. M——, the great composer, who knows her, says that in expression and feeling she has no living superior, perhaps no equal since Malibran."

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* For the sake of the general reader, English technical words are here, as elsewhere, substituted as much as possible for French.

"You seem, dear monsieur, to have taken much pains to acquire this information."

"No great pains were necessary; but had they been I might have taken them, for, as I have owned to you, Mademoiselle Cicogna, while she was yet a mystery to me, strangely interested my thoughts or my fancies. That interest has now ceased. The world of actresses and singers lies apart from mine."

"Yet," said Alain, in a tone of voice that implied doubt, "if I understand Lemercier aright, you were going with him to the Bois on the chance of seeing again the lady in whom your interest has ceased."

"Lemercier's account was not strictly accurate. He stopped his carriage to speak to me on quite another subject, on which I have consulted him, and then proposed to take me on to the Bois. I assented; and it was not till we were in the carriage that he suggested the idea of seeing whether the pearly-robed lady had resumed her walk in the *allée*. You may judge how indifferent I was to that chance when I preferred turning back with you to going on with him. Between you and me, Marquis, to men of our age, who have the business of life before them, and feel that if there be aught in which *noblesse oblige* it is a severe devotion to noble objects, there is nothing more fatal to such devotion than allowing the heart to be blown hither and thither at every breeze of mere fancy, and dreaming ourselves into love with some fair creature whom we never could marry consistently with the career we have set before our ambition. I could not marry an actress—neither, I presume, could the Marquis de Rochebriant; and the thought of a courtship which excluded the idea of marriage, to a young orphan of name unblemished—of virtue unsuspected—would certainly not be compatible with 'devotion to noble objects.'"

Alain involuntarily bowed his head in assent to the proposition, and, it may be, in submission to an implied rebuke. The two men walked in silence for some minutes, and Graham first spoke, changing altogether the subject of conversation.

"Lemercier tells me you decline going much into this world of Paris—the capital of capitals—which appears so irresistibly attractive to us foreigners."

"Possibly; but, to borrow your words, I have the business of life before me."

"Business is a good safeguard against the temptations to excess in pleasure, in which Paris abounds. But there is no business which does not admit of some holiday, and all business necessitates commerce with mankind. *Apropos*, I was the other evening at the Duchess de Tarascon's—a brilliant assembly, filled with ministers, senators, and courtiers. I heard your name mentioned."

"Mine?"

"Yes; Duplessis, the rising financier—who, rather to my surprise, was not only present among these official and decorated celebrities, but apparently quite at home among them—asked the Duchess if she had not seen you since your arrival at Paris. She replied, 'No; that though you were among her nearest connections, you had not called on her;' and bade Duplessis tell you that you were a *monstre* for not doing so. Whether or not Duplessis will take that liberty, I know not; but you must pardon me if I do. She is a very charming woman, full of talent; and that stream of the world which reflects the stars, with all their mythical influences on fortune, flows through her *salons*."

"I am not born under those stars. I am a Legitimist."

"I did not forget your political creed; but in England the leaders of opposition attend the *salons* of the Prime Minister. A man is not supposed to compromise his opinions because he exchanges social courtesies with those to whom his opinions are hostile. Pray excuse me if I am indiscreet—I speak as a traveler who asks for information—but do Legitimists really believe that they best serve their cause by declining any mode of competing with its opponents? Would there not be a fairer chance for the ultimate victory of their principles if they made their talents and energies individually prominent—if they were known as skillful generals, practical statesmen, eminent diplomatists, brilliant writers?—could they combine—not to sulk and exclude themselves from the great battle-field of the world—but in their several ways to render themselves of such use to their country that some day or other, in one of those revolutionary crises to which France, alas! must long be subjected, they would find themselves able to turn the scale of undecided councils and conflicting jealousies?"

"Monsieur, we hope for the day when the Divine Disposer of events will strike into the hearts of our fickle and erring countrymen the conviction that there will be no settled repose for France save under the sceptre of her rightful kings. But meanwhile we are—I see it more clearly since I have quitted Bretagne—we are a hopeless minority."

"Does not history tell us that the great changes of the world have been wrought by minorities? but on the one condition that the minorities shall not be hopeless? It is almost the other day that the Bonapartists were in a minority that their adversaries called hopeless, and the majority for the Emperor is now so preponderant that I tremble for his safety. When a majority becomes so vast that intellect disappears in the crowd, the date of its destruction commences; for by the law of reaction the minority is installed against it. It is the nature of things that minorities are always more intellectual than multitudes, and intellect is ever at work in sapping numerical force. What your party want is hope, because without hope there is no energy. I remember hearing my father say that when he met the Count de Chambord at Ems, that illustrious personage delivered himself of a *belle phrase* much admired by his partisans. The Emperor was then President of the Republic, in a very doubtful and dangerous position. France seemed on the verge of another convulsion. A certain distinguished politician recommended the Count de Chambord to hold himself ready to enter at once as a candidate for the throne. And the Count, with a benignant smile on his handsome face, answered, 'All wrecks come to the shore—the shore does not go to the wrecks.'"

"Beautifully said!" exclaimed the Marquis.

"Not if *Le beau est toujours le vrai*. My father, no inexperienced nor unwise politician, in repeating the royal words, remarked: 'The fallacy of the Count's argument is in its metaphor. A man is not a shore. Do you not think that the seamen on board the wrecks would be more grateful to him who did not complacently compare himself to a shore, but considered himself a human being like themselves, and risked his own life in a boat, even though it were a cockle-shell, in the chance of saving theirs?'"

Alain de Rochebriant was a brave man, with that intense sentiment of patriotism which characterizes Frenchmen of every rank and persuasion, unless they belong to the Internationalists; and without pausing to consider, he cried, "Your father was right."

The Englishman resumed: "Need I say, my dear Marquis, that I am not a Legitimist? I am not an Imperialist, neither am I an Orleanist nor a Republican. Between all those political divisions it is for Frenchmen to make their choice, and for Englishmen to accept for France that government which France has established. I view things here as a simple observer. But it strikes me that, if I were a Frenchman in your position, I should think myself unworthy my ancestors if I consented to be an insignificant looker-on."

"You are not in my position," said the Marquis, half mournfully, half haughtily, "and you can scarcely judge of it even in imagination."

"I need not much task my imagination; I judge of it by analogy. I was very much in your position when I entered upon what I venture to call my career; and it is the curious similarity between us in circumstances that made me wish for your friendship when that similarity was made known to me by Lemercier, who is not less garrulous than the true Parisian usually is. Permit me to say that, like you, I was reared in some pride of no inglorious ancestry. I was reared also in the expectation of great wealth. Those expectations were not realized: my father had the fault of noble natures—generosity pushed to imprudence: he died poor, and in debt. You retain the home of your ancestors; I had to resign mine."

The Marquis had felt deeply interested in this narrative, and as Graham now paused, took his hand and pressed it.

"One of our most eminent personages said to me about that time, 'Whatever a clever man of your age determines to do or to be, the odds are twenty to one that he has only to live on in order to do or to be it.' Don't you think he spoke truly? I think so."

"I scarcely know what to think," said Rochebriant; "I feel as if you had given me so rough a shake when I was in the midst of a dull dream, that I do not yet know whether I am asleep or awake."

Just as he said this, and toward the Paris end of the Champs Elysées, there was a halt, a sensation among the loungers round them: many of them uncovered in salute.

A man on the younger side of middle age, somewhat inclined to corpulence, with a very striking countenance, was riding slowly by. He returned the salutations he received with the careless dignity of a personage accustomed to respect, and then reined in his horse by the side of a barouche, and exchanged some words with a portly gentleman who was its sole occupant. The loungers, still halting, seemed to contemplate this parley—between him on horseback and him in the carriage—with very eager interest. Some put their hands behind their ears and pressed forward, as if trying to overhear what was said.

"I wonder," quoth Graham, "whether, with all his cleverness, the Prince has in any way decided what *he* means to do or to be."

"The Prince!" said Rochebriant, rousing himself from reverie; "what Prince?"

"Do you not recognize him by his wonderful likeness to the first Napoleon—him on horseback talking to Louvier, the great financier?"

"Is that stout *bourgeois* in the carriage Louvier—my mortgagee, Louvier?"

"Your mortgagee, my dear Marquis? Well, he is rich enough to be a very lenient one upon pay-day."

"*Hein!*—I doubt his leniency," said Alain. "I have promised my *avoué* to meet him at dinner. Do you think I did wrong?"

"Wrong! of course not; he is likely to overwhelm you with civilities. Pray don't refuse if he gives you an invitation to his *soirée* next Saturday—I am going to it. One meets there the notabilities most interesting to study—artists, authors, politicians, especially those who call themselves Republicans. He and the Prince agree in one thing—viz., the cordial reception they give to the men who would destroy the state of things upon which Prince and financier both thrive. Hillo! here comes Lemercier on return from the Bois."

Lemercier's *coupé* stopped beside the foot-path. "What tidings of the *Belle Inconnue?*" asked the Englishman.

"None; she was not there. But I am rewarded—such an adventure—a dame of the *haute volée*—I believe she is a duchess. She was walking with a lap-dog, a pure Pomeranian. A strange poodle flew at the Pomeranian. I drove off the poodle, rescued the Pomeranian, received the most gracious thanks, the sweetest smile: *femme superbe*, middle-aged. I prefer women of forty. *Au revoir*, I am due at the club."

Alain felt a sensation of relief that Lemercier had not seen the lady in the pearl-colored dress, and quitted the Englishman with a lightened heart.

CHAPTER IV.

"PICCOLA, *piccola! com' è cortese!* another invitation from M. Louvier for next Saturday—*conversazione*." This was said in Italian by an elderly lady bursting noisily into the room—elderly, yet with a youthful expression of face, owing perhaps to a pair of very vivacious black eyes. She was dressed, after a somewhat slatternly fashion, in a wrapper of crimson merino much the worse for wear, a blue handkerchief twisted turban-like round her head, and her feet encased in list slippers. The person to whom she addressed herself was a young lady with dark hair, which, despite its evident redundance, was restrained into smooth glossy braids over the forehead, and at the crown of the small graceful head into the simple knot which Horace has described as "Spartan." Her dress contrasted the speaker's by an exquisite neatness. We have seen her before as the lady in the pearl-colored robe, but seen now at home she looks much younger. She was one of those whom, encountered in the streets or in society, one might guess to be married—probably a young bride; for thus seen there was about her an air of dignity and of self-possession which suits well with the ideal of chaste youthful matronage; and in the expression of the face there was a pensive thoughtfulness beyond her years. But as she now sat by the open window arranging flowers in a glass bowl, a book lying open on her lap, you would never have said, "What a handsome woman!" you would have said, "What a charming girl!" All about her was maidenly, innocent, and fresh. The dignity of her bearing was lost in household ease, the pensiveness of her expression in an untroubled serene sweetness.

Perhaps many of my readers may have known friends engaged in some absorbing cause of thought, and who are in the habit when they go out, especially if on solitary walks, to take that cause of thought with them. The friend may be an orator meditating his speech, a poet his verses, a lawyer a difficult case, a physician an intricate malady. If you have such a friend, and you observe him thus away from his home, his face will seem to you older and graver. He is absorbed in the care that weighs on him. When you see him in a holiday moment at his own fireside, the care is thrown aside; perhaps he mastered while abroad the difficulty that had troubled him; he is cheerful, pleasant, sunny. This appears to be very much the case with persons of genius. When in their own houses we usually find them very playful and child-like. Most persons of real genius, whatever they may seem out-of-doors, are very sweet-tempered at home, and sweet temper is sympathizing and genial in the intercourse of private life. Certainly, observing this girl as she now bends over the flowers, it would be difficult to believe her to be the Isaura Cicogna whose letters to Madame de Grantmesnil exhibit the doubts and struggles of an unquiet, discontented, aspiring mind. Only in one or two passages in those letters would you have guessed at the writer in the girl as we now see her.

It is in those passages where she expresses her love of harmony, and her repugnance to contest—those were characteristics you might have read in her face.

Certainly the girl is very lovely—what long dark eyelashes, what soft, tender, dark blue eyes—now that she looks up and smiles, what a bewitching smile it is!—by what sudden play of rippling dimples the smile is enlivened and redoubled! Do you notice one feature? in very showy beauties it is seldom noticed; but I, being in my way a physiognomist, consider that it is always worth heeding as an index of character. It is the ear. Remark how delicately it is formed in her—none of that heaviness of lobe which is a sure sign of sluggish intellect and coarse perception. Hers is the artist's ear. Note next those hands—how beautifully shaped! small, but not doll-like hands—ready and nimble, firm and nervous hands, that could work for a helpmate. By no means very white, still less red, but somewhat embrowned as by the sun, such as you may see in girls reared in southern climates, and in her perhaps betokening an impulsive character which had not accustomed itself, when at sport in the open air, to the thralldom of gloves—very impulsive people, even in cold climates, seldom do.

In conveying to us by a few bold strokes an idea of the sensitive, quick-moved, warm-blooded Henry II., the most impressive of the Plantagenets, his contemporary chronicler tells us that rather than imprison those active hands of his, even in hawking-gloves, he would suffer his falcon to fix its sharp claws into his wrist. No doubt there is a difference as to what is befitting between a burly bellicose creature like Henry II. and a delicate young lady like Isaura Cicogna; and one would not wish to see those dainty wrists of hers seamed and scarred by a falcon's claws. But a girl may not be less exquisitely feminine for slight heed of artificial prettinesses. Isaura had no need of pale bloodless hands to seem one of Nature's highest grade of gentlewomen even to the most fastidious eyes. About her there was a charm apart from her mere beauty, and often disturbed instead of heightened by her mere intellect: it consisted in a combination of exquisite artistic refinement, and of a generosity of character by which refinement was animated into vigor and warmth.

The room, which was devoted exclusively to Isaura, had in it much that spoke of the occupant. That room, when first taken furnished, had a good deal of the comfortless showiness which belongs to ordinary furnished apartments in France, especially in the Parisian suburbs, chiefly let for the summer—thin limp muslin curtains that decline to draw, stiff mahogany chairs covered with yellow Utrecht velvet, a tall *secrétaire* in a dark corner, an oval buhl table set in tawdry ormolu, islanded in the centre of a poor but gaudy Scotch carpet, and but one other table of dull walnut-wood standing clothless before a sofa to match the chairs; the eternal ormolu clock flanked by the two eternal ormolu candelabra on the dreary mantel-piece. Some of this garniture had been removed, others softened into cheeriness and comfort. The room somehow or other—thanks partly to a very moderate expenditure in pretty twills with pretty borders, gracefully simple table-covers, with one or two additional small tables and easy-chairs, two simple vases filled with flowers—thanks still more to a nameless skill in re-arrangement, and the disposal of the slight knick-knacks and well-bound volumes, which, even in traveling, women, who have cultivated the pleasure of taste, carry about with them—had been coaxed into that quiet harmony, that tone of consistent subdued color, which corresponded with the characteristics of the inmate. Most people might have been puzzled where to place the piano, a semi-grand, so as not to take up too much space in the little room; but where it was placed it seemed so at home that you might have supposed the room had been built for it.

There are two kinds of neatness—one is too evident, and makes every thing about it seem trite and cold and stiff, and another kind of neatness disappears from our sight in a satisfied sense of completeness—like some exquisite, simple, finished style of writing—an Addison's or a St. Pierre's.

This last sort of neatness belonged to Isaura, and brought to mind the well-known line of Catullus, when, on recrossing his threshold, he invokes its welcome—a line thus not inelegantly translated by Leigh Hunt—

> "Smile every dimple on the cheek of Home."

I entreat the reader's pardon for this long descriptive digression; but Isaura is one of those characters which are called many-sided, and therefore not very easy to comprehend. She gives us one side of her character in her correspondence with Madame de Grantmesnil, and another side of it in her own home with her Italian companion—half nurse, half *chaperon*.

"Monsieur Louvier is indeed very courteous," said Isaura, looking up from the flowers with the dimpled smile we have noticed. "But I think, *Madre*, that we should do well to stay at home on Saturday—not peacefully, for I owe you your revenge at *euchre*."

"You can't mean it, *Piccola!*" exclaimed the signora in evident consternation. "Stay at home!—why stay at home? *Euchre* is very well when there is nothing else to do; but change is pleasant—*le bon Dieu* likes it—

> 'Ne caldo ne gelo
> Resta mai in cielo.'

And such beautiful ices one gets at M. Louvier's. Did you taste the Pistachio ice? What fine rooms, and so well lit up!—I adore light. And the ladies so beautifully dressed—one sees the fashions. Stay at home—play at *euchre* indeed! *Piccola*, you can not be so cruel to yourself—you are young."

"But, dear *Madre*, just consider—we are invited because we are considered professional singers; your reputation as such is of course established—mine is not; but still I shall be asked to sing as I was asked before; and you know Dr. C—— forbids me to do so except to a very small audience; and it is so ungracious always to say 'No;' and besides, did you not yourself say, when we came away last time from M. Louvier's, that it was very dull—that you knew nobody—and that the ladies had such superb toilets that you felt mortified—and—"

"*Zitto! zitto!* you talk idly, *Piccola*—very idly. I was mortified then in my old black Lyons silk; but have I not bought since then my beautiful Greek jacket—scarlet and gold-lace? and why should I buy it if I am not to show it?"

"But, dear *Madre*, the jacket is certainly very handsome, and will make an effect in a little dinner at the Savarins', or Mrs. Morley's. But in a great formal reception like M. Louvier's will it not look—"

"Splendid!" interrupted the signora.

"But *singolare*."

"So much the better; did not that great English lady wear such a jacket, and did not every one admire her—*più tosto invidia che compassione?*"

Isaura sighed. Now the jacket of the signora was a subject of disquietnde to her friend. It so happened that a young English lady of the highest rank and the rarest beauty had appeared at M. Louvier's, and indeed generally in the *beau monde* of Paris, in a Greek jacket that became her very much. That jacket had fascinated, at M. Louvier's, the eyes of the signora. But of this Isaura was unaware. The signora, on returning home from M. Louvier's, had certainly lamented much over the *mesquin* appearance of her own old-fashioned Italian habiliments compared with the brilliant toilet of the gay Parisiennes; and Isaura—quite woman enough to sympathize with woman in such womanly vanities—proposed the next day to go with the signora to one of the principal *couturières* of Paris, and adapt the signora's costume to the fashions of the place. But the signora having predetermined on a Greek jacket, and knowing by instinct that Isaura would be disposed to thwart that splendid predilection, had artfully suggested that it would be better to go to the *couturière* with Madame Savarin, as being a more experienced adviser—and the *coupé* only held two.

As Madame Savarin was about the same age as the signora, and dressed as became her years, and in excellent taste, Isaura thought this an admirable suggestion; and pressing into her *chaperon's* hand a *billet de banque* sufficient to re-equip her *cap-à-pie*, dismissed the subject from her mind. But the signora was much too cunning to submit her passion for the Greek jacket to the discouraging comments of Madame Savarin. Monopolizing the *coupé*, she became absolute mistress of the situation. She went to no fashionable *couturière's*. She went to a *magasin* that she had seen advertised in the *Petites Affiches* as supplying superb costumes for fancy balls and amateur performers in private theatricals. She returned home triumphant, with a jacket still more dazzling to the eye than that of the English lady.

When Isaura first beheld it, she drew back in a sort of superstitious terror, as of a comet or other blazing portent.

"*Cosa stupenda!*"—(stupendous thing!) She might well be dismayed when the signora proposed to appear thus attired in M. Louvier's *salon*. What might be admired as coquetry of dress in a young beauty of rank so great that even a vulgarity in her would be called *distingué*, was certainly an audacious challenge of ridicule in the elderly *ci-devant* music-teacher.

But how could Isaura, how can any one of common humanity, say to a woman resolved upon wearing a certain dress, "You are not young and handsome enough for that?" Isaura could only murmur, "For many reasons I would rather stay at home, dear *Madre*."

"Ah! I see you are ashamed of me," said the signora, in softened tones: "very natural. When the nightingale sings no more, she is only an ugly brown bird:" and therewith the Signora Venosta seated herself submissively, and began to cry.

On this Isaura sprang up, wound her arms round the signora's neck, soothed her with coaxing, kissed and petted her, and ended by saying, "Of course we will go;" and, "but let me choose you another dress—a dark green velvet trimmed with blonde—blonde becomes you so well."

"No, no—I hate green velvet; any body can wear that. *Piccola*, I am not clever like thee; I can not amuse myself like thee with books. I am in a foreign land. I have a poor head, but I have a big heart" (another burst of tears); "and that big heart is set on my beautiful Greek jacket."

"Dearest *Madre*," said Isaura, half weeping too, "forgive me; you are right. The Greek jacket is splendid; I shall be so pleased to see you wear it. Poor *Madre*—so pleased to think that in the foreign land you are not without something that pleases *you*."

CHAPTER V.

CONFORMABLY with his engagement to meet M. Louvier, Alain found himself on the day and at the hour named in M. Gandrin's *salon*. On this occasion Madame Gandrin did not appear. Her husband was accustomed to give *diners d'hommes*. The great man had not yet arrived. "I think, Marquis," said M. Gandrin, "that you will not regret having followed my advice: my representations have disposed Louvier to regard you with much favor, and he is certainly flattered by being permitted to make your personal acquaintance."

The *avoué* had scarcely finished this little speech when M. Louvier was announced. He entered with a beaming smile, which did not detract from his imposing presence. His flatterers had told him that he had a look of Louis Philippe; therefore he had sought to imitate the dress and *bonhomie* of that monarch of the middle class. He wore a wig, elaborately piled up, and shaped his whiskers in royal harmony with the royal wig. Above all, he studied that social frankness of manner with which the able sovereign dispelled awe of his presence or dread of his astuteness. Decidedly he was a man very pleasant to converse and to deal with—so long as there seemed to him something to gain and nothing to lose by being pleasant. He returned Alain's bow by a cordial offer of both expansive hands, into the grasp of which the hands of the aristocrat utterly disappeared. "Charmed to make your acquaintance, Marquis—still more charmed if you will let me be useful during your *séjour* at Paris. *Ma foi*, excuse my bluntness, but you are a *fort beau garçon*. Monsieur, your father, was a handsome man, but you beat him hollow. Gandrin, my friend, would not you and I give half our fortunes for one year of this fine fellow's youth spent at Paris? *Peste!* what love-letters we should have, with no need to buy them by *billets de banque!*" Thus he ran on, much to Alain's confusion, till dinner was announced. Then there was something *grandiose* in the frank *bourgeois* style wherewith he expanded his napkin and twisted one end into his waistcoat—it was so manly a renunciation of the fashions which a man so *répandu* in all circles might be supposed to follow—as if he were both too great and too much in earnest for such frivolities. He was evidently a sincere *bon vivant*, and M. Gandrin had no less evidently taken all requisite pains to gratify his taste. The Montrachet served with the oysters was of precious vintage. The *vin de madère* which accompanied the *potage à la bisque* would have contented an American. And how radiant became Louvier's face, when among the *entrées* he came upon *laitances de carpes!* "The best thing in the world," he cried, "and one gets it so seldom since the old Rocher de Cancale has lost its renown. At private houses, what does one get now?—*blanc de poulet*—flavorless trash. After all, Gandrin, when we lose the love-letters, it is some consolation that *laitances de carpes* and *sautés de foie gras* are still left to fill up the void in our hearts. Marquis, heed my counsel; cultivate betimes the taste for the table; that and whist are the sole resources of declining years. You never met my old friend Talleyrand—ah, no! he was long before your time. He cultivated both, but he made two mistakes. No man's intellect is perfect on all sides. He confined himself to one meal a day, and he never learned to play well at whist. Avoid his errors, my young friend—avoid them. Gandrin, I guess this pine-apple is English—it is superb."

"You are right—a present from the Marquis of H——."

"Ah! instead of a fee, I wager. The Marquis gives nothing for nothing, dear man! Droll people the English. You have never visited England, I presume, *cher* Rochebriant?"

The affable financier had already made vast progress in familiarity with his silent fellow-guest.

When the dinner was over and the three men had re-entered the *salon* for coffee and liqueurs, Gandrin left Louvier and Alain alone, saying he was going to his cabinet for cigars which he could recommend. Then Louvier, lightly patting the Marquis on the shoulder, said, with what the French call *effusion*—"My dear Rochebriant, your father and I did not quite understand each other. He took a tone of *grand seigneur* that sometimes wounded me; and I in turn was perhaps too rude in asserting my rights—as creditor, shall I say?—no, as fellow-citizen; and Frenchmen are so vain, so over-susceptible—fire up at a word—take offense when none is meant. We two, my dear boy, should be superior to such national foibles. *Bref*—I have a mortgage on your lands. Why should that thought mar our friendship? At my age, though I am not yet old, one is flattered if the young like us—pleased if we can oblige them, and remove from their career any little obstacle in its way. Gandrin tells me you wish to consolidate all the charges on your estate into one on lower rate of interest. Is it so?"

"I am so advised," said the Marquis.

"And very rightly advised; come and talk with me about it some day next week. I hope to have a large sum of money set free in a few days. Of course, mortgages on land don't pay like speculations at the Bourse; but I am rich enough to please myself. We will see—we will see."

Here Gandrin returned with the cigars; but Alain at that time never smoked, and Louvier excused himself, with a laugh and a sly wink, on the plea that he was going to pay his respects—as doubtless that *joli garçon* was going to do, likewise—to a *belle dame* who did not reckon the smell of tobacco among the perfumes of Houbigant or Arabia.

"Meanwhile," added Louvier, turning to Gandrin, "I have something to say to you on business about the contract for that new street of mine. No hurry—after our young friend has gone to his 'assignation.'"

Alain could not misinterpret the hint; and in a few moments took leave of his host more surprised than disappointed that the financier had not invited him, as Graham had assumed he would, to his *soirée* the following evening.

When Alain was gone, Louvier's jovial manner disappeared also, and became bluffly rude rather than bluntly cordial.

"Gandrin, what did you mean by saying that that young man was no *muscadin? Muscadin—aristocrat*—offensive from top to toe."

"You amaze me—you seemed to take to him so cordially."

"And pray, were you too blind to remark with what cold reserve he responded to my condescensions? How he winced when I called him Rochebriant! how he colored when I called him 'dear boy!' These aristocrats think we ought to thank them on our knees when they take our money, and"—here Louvier's face darkened—"seduce our women."

"Monsieur Louvier, in all France I do not know a greater aristocrat than yourself."

I don't know whether M. Gandrin meant that speech as a compliment, but M. Louvier took it as such—laughed complacently and rubbed his hands. "Ay, ay, *millionnaires* are the real aristocrats, for they have power, as my *beau Marquis* will soon find. I must bid you good-night. Of course I shall see Madame Gandrin and yourself to-morrow. Prepare for a motley gathering—lots of democrats and foreigners, with artists and authors, and such creatures."

"Is that the reason why you did not invite the Marquis?"

"To be sure; I would not shock so pure a Legitimist by contact with the sons of the people, and make him still colder to myself. No; when he comes to my house he shall meet lions and *viveurs* of the *haut ton*, who will play into my hands by teaching him how to ruin himself in the quickest manner and in the *genre Louis XV*. *Bonsoir, mon vieux.*"

CHAPTER VI.

THE next night Graham in vain looked round for Alain in M. Louvier's *salons*, and missed his high-bred mien and melancholy countenance. M. Louvier had been for some four years a childless widower, but his receptions were not the less numerously attended, nor his establishment less magnificently *monté* for the absence of a presiding lady: very much the contrary; it was noticeable how much he had increased his status and prestige as a social personage since the death of his unlamented spouse.

To say truth, she had been rather a heavy drag on his triumphal car. She had been the heiress of a man who had amassed a great deal of money; not in the higher walks of commerce, but in a retail trade.

Louvier himself was the son of a rich money-lender; he had entered life with an ample fortune and an intense desire to be admitted into those more brilliant circles in which fortune can be dissipated with *éclat*. He might not have attained this object but for the friendly countenance of a young noble who was then

> "The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

But this young noble, of whom later we shall hear more, came suddenly to grief; and when the money-lender's son lost that potent protector, the dandies, previously so civil, showed him a very cold shoulder.

Louvier then became an ardent democrat, and recruited the fortune he had impaired by the aforesaid marriage, launched into colossal speculations, and became enormously rich. His aspirations for social rank now revived, but his wife sadly interfered with them. She was thrifty by nature; sympathized little with her husband's genius for accumulation; always said he would end in a hospital; hated Republicans; despised authors and artists; and by the ladies of the *beau monde* was pronounced common and vulgar.

So long as she lived, it was impossible for Louvier to realize his ambition of having one of the *salons* which at Paris establish celebrity and position. He could not then command those advantages of wealth which he especially coveted. He was eminently successful in doing this now. As soon as she was safe in Père la Chaise, he enlarged his hôtel by the purchase and annexation of an adjoining house; redecorated and refurnished it, and in this task displayed, it must be said to his credit, or to that of the administrators he selected for the purpose, a nobleness of taste rarely exhibited nowadays. His collection of pictures was not large, and consisted exclusively of the French school, ancient and modern, for in all things Louvier affected the patriot. But each of those pictures was a gem; such Watteaus! such Greuzes! such landscapes by Patel! and, above all, such masterpieces by Ingrès, Horace Vernet, and Delaroche, were worth all the doubtful originals of Flemish and Italian art which make the ordinary boast of private collectors.

These pictures occupied two rooms of moderate size, built for their reception, and lighted from above. The great *salon* to which they led contained treasures scarcely less precious; the walls were covered with the richest silks which the looms of Lyons could produce. Every piece of furniture here was a work of art in its way: console-tables of Florentine mosaic, inlaid with pearl and lapis lazuli; cabinets in which the exquisite designs of the *renaissance* were carved in ebony; colossal vases of Russian malachite, but wrought by French artists. The very knick-knacks scattered carelessly about the room might have been admired in the cabinets of the Palazzo Pitti. Beyond this room lay the *salle de danse*, its ceiling painted by ——, supported by white marble columns, the glazed balcony and the angles of the room filled with tiers of exotics. In the dining-room, on the same floor, on the other side of the landing-place, were stored in glazed buffets, not only vessels and salvers of plate, silver and gold, but, more costly still, matchless specimens of Sèvres and Limoges, and medieval varieties of Venetian glass. On the ground-floor, which opened on the lawn of a large garden, Louvier had his suit of private apartments, furnished, as he said, "simply according to English notions of comfort." Englishmen would have said, "according to French notions of luxury." Enough of these details, which a writer can not give without feeling himself somewhat vulgarized in doing so, but without a loose general idea of which a reader would not have an accurate conception of something not vulgar—of something grave, historical, possibly tragical, the existence of a Parisian *millionnaire* at the date of this narrative.

The evidence of wealth was every where manifest at M. Louvier's, but it was every where refined by an equal evidence of taste. The apartments devoted to hospitality ministered to the delighted study of artists, to whom free access was given, and of whom two or three might be seen daily in the "show-rooms," copying pictures or taking sketches of rare articles of furniture or effects for palatian interiors.

Among the things which rich English visitors of Paris most coveted to see was M. Louvier's hôtel; and few among the richest left it without a sigh of envy and despair. Only in such London houses as belonged to a Sutherland or a Holford could our metropolis exhibit a splendor as opulent and a taste as refined.

M. Louvier had his set evenings for popular assemblies. At these were entertained the Liberals of every shade, from *tricolor* to *rouge*, with the artists and writers most in vogue, *pêle-mêle* with decorated diplomatists, ex-ministers, Orleanists, and Republicans, distinguished foreigners, plutocrats of the Bourse, and lions male and female from the arid nurse of that race, the Chaussée d'Antin. Of his more select reunions something will be said later.

"And how does this poor Paris metamorphosed please Mons. Vane?" asked a Frenchman with a handsome intelligent countenance, very carefully dressed, though in a somewhat bygone fashion, and carrying off his tenth lustrum with an air too sprightly to evince any sense of the weight.

This gentleman, the Vicomte de Brézé, was of good birth, and had a legitimate right to his title of Vicomte, which is more than can be said of many vicomtes one meets at Paris. He had no other property, however, than a principal share in an influential journal, to which he was a lively and sparkling contributor. In his youth, under the reign of Louis Philippe, he had been a chief among literary exquisites, and Balzac was said to have taken him more than once as his model for those brilliant young *vauriens* who figure in the great novelist's comedy of *Human Life*. The Vicomte's fashion expired with the Orleanist dynasty.

"Is it possible, my dear Vicomte," answered Graham, "not to be pleased with a capital so marvelously embellished?"

"Embellished it may be to foreign eyes," said the Vicomte, sighing, "but not improved to the taste of a Parisian like me. I miss the dear Paris of old—the streets associated with my *beaux jours* are no more. Is there not something drearily monotonous in those interminable perspectives? How frightfully the way lengthens before one's eyes! In the twists and curves of the old Paris one was relieved from the pain of seeing how far one had to go from one spot to another—each tortuous street had a separate idiosyncrasy; what picturesque diversities, what interesting recollections—all swept away! *Mon Dieu!* and what for? Miles of florid *façades*, staring and glaring at one with goggle-eyed pitiless windows. House-rents trebled; and the consciousness that, if you venture to grumble, under-ground railways, like concealed volcanoes, can burst forth on you at any moment with an eruption of bayonets and muskets. This *maudit empire* seeks to keep its hold on France much as a *grand seigneur* seeks to enchain a nymph of the ballet, tricks her out in finery and baubles, and insures her infidelity the moment he fails to satisfy her whims."

"Vicomte," answered Graham, "I have had the honor to know you since I was a small boy at a preparatory school home for the holidays, and you were a guest at my father's country-house. You were then *fêté* as one of the most promising writers among the young men of the day, especially favored by the princes of the reigning family. I shall never forget the impression made on me by your brilliant appearance and your no less brilliant talk."

"*Ah! ces beaux jours! ce bon Louis Philippe, ce cher petit Joinville*," sighed the Vicomte.

"But at that day you compared *le bon* Louis Philippe to Robert Macaire. You described all his sons, including, no doubt, *ce cher petit Joinville*, in terms of resentful contempt, as so many plausible *gamins* whom Robert Macaire was training to cheat the public in the interest of the family firm. I remember my father saying to you in answer, 'No royal house in Europe has more sought to develop the literature of an epoch, and to signalize its representatives by social respect and official honors, than that of the Orleans dynasty; you, M. de Brézé, do but imitate your elders in seeking to destroy the dynasty under which you flourish; should you succeed, you *hommes de plume* will be the first sufferers and the loudest complainers.'"

"*Cher Monsieur Vane*," said the Vicomte, smiling complacently, "your father did me great honor in classing me with Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Emile de Girardin, and the other stars of the Orleanist galaxy, including our friend here, M. Savarin. A very superior man was your father."

"And," said Savarin, who, being an Orleanist, had listened to Graham's speech with an approving smile—"and if I remember right, my dear De Brézé, no one was more severe than yourself on poor De Lamartine and the Republic that succeeded Louis Philippe; no one more emphatically expressed the yearning desire for another Napoleon to restore order at home and renown abroad. Now you have got another Napoleon."

"And I want change for my Napoleon," said De Brézé, laughing.

"My dear Vicomte," said Graham, "one thing we may all grant, that in culture and intellect you are far superior to the mass of your fellow-Parisians; that you are therefore a favorable type of their political character."

"*Ah, mon cher, vous êtes trop aimable.*"

"And therefore I venture to say this, if the archangel Gabriel were permitted to descend to Paris and form the best government for France that the wisdom of seraph could devise, it would not be two years—I doubt if it would be six months—before out of this Paris, which you call the *Foyer des Idées*, would emerge a powerful party, adorned by yourself and other *hommes de plume*, in favor of a revolution for the benefit of *ce bon* Satan and *ce cher petit* Beelzebub."

"What a pretty vein of satire you have, *mon cher!*" said the Vicomte, good-humoredly; "there is a sting of truth in your witticism. Indeed, I must send you some articles of mine in which I have said much the same thing—*les beaux esprits se rencontrent*. The fault of us French is impatience—desire of change; but then it is that desire which keeps the world going and retains our place at the head of it. However, at this time we are all living too fast for our money to keep up with it, and too slow for our intellect not to flag. We vie with each other on the road to ruin, for in literature all the old paths to fame are shut up."

Here a tall gentleman, with whom the Vicomte had been conversing before he accosted Vane, and who had remained beside De Brézé listening in silent attention to this colloquy, interposed, speaking in the slow voice of one accustomed to measure his words, and with a slight but unmistakable German accent—"There is that, M. de Brézé, which makes one think gravely of what you say so lightly. Viewing things with the unprejudiced eyes of a foreigner, I recognize much for which France should be grateful to the Emperor. Under his sway her material resources have been marvelously augmented; her commerce has been placed by the treaty with England on sounder foundations, and is daily exhibiting richer life; her agriculture has made a prodigious advance wherever it has allowed room for capitalists, and escaped from the curse of petty allotments and peasant proprietors—a curse which would have ruined any country less blessed by Nature; turbulent factions have been quelled; internal order maintained; the external prestige of France, up at least to the date of the Mexican war, increased to an extent that might satisfy even a Frenchman's *amour propre;* and her advance in civilization has been manifested by the rapid creation of a naval power which should put even England on her mettle. But, on the other hand—"

"Ay, on the other hand," said the Vicomte.

"On the other hand, there are in the imperial system two causes of decay and of rot silently at work. They may not be the faults of the Emperor, but they are such misfortunes as may cause the fall of the empire. The first is an absolute divorce between the political system and the intellectual culture of the nation. The throne and the system rest on universal suffrage—on a suffrage which gives to classes the most ignorant a power that preponderates over all the healthful elements of knowledge. It is the tendency of all ignorant multitudes to personify themselves, as it were, in one individual. They can not comprehend you when you argue for a principle; they do comprehend you when you talk of a name. The Emperor Napoleon is to them a name, and the prefects and officials who influence their votes are paid for incorporating all principles in the shibboleth of that single name. You have thus sought the well-spring of a political system in the deepest stratum of popular ignorance. To rid popular ignorance of its normal revolutionary bias, the rural peasants are indoctrinated with the conservatism that comes from the fear which appertains to property. They have their roods of land or their shares in a national loan. Thus you estrange the crassitude of an ignorant democracy still more from the intelligence of the educated classes by combining it with the most selfish and abject of all the apprehensions that are ascribed to aristocracy and wealth. What is thus imbedded in the depths of your society makes itself shown on the surface. Napoleon III. has been compared to Augustus; and there are many startling similitudes between them in character and in fate. Each succeeds to the heritage of a great name that had contrived to unite autocracy with the popular cause. Each subdued all rival competitors, and inaugurated despotic rule in the name of freedom. Each mingled enough of sternness with ambitious will to stain with bloodshed the commencement of his power; but it would be an absurd injustice to fix the same degree of condemnation on the *coup d'état* as humanity fixes on the earlier cruelties of Augustus. Each, once firm in his seat, became mild and clement: Augustus perhaps from policy, Napoleon III. from a native kindliness of disposition which no fair critic of character can fail to acknowledge. Enough of similitudes; now for one salient difference. Observe how earnestly Augustus strove, and how completely he succeeded in the task, to rally round him all the leading intellects in every grade and of every party—the followers of Antony, the friends of Brutus—every great captain, every great statesman, every great writer, every man who could lend a ray of mind to his own Julian constellation, and make the age of Augustus an era in the annals of human intellect and genius. But this has not been the good fortune of your Emperor. The result of his system has been the suppression of intellect in every department. He has rallied round him not one great statesman; his praises are hymned by not one great poet. The *célébrités* of a former day stand aloof, or, preferring exile to constrained allegiance, assail him with unremitting missiles from their asylum in foreign shores. His reign is sterile of new *célébrités*. The few that arise enlist themselves against him. Whenever he shall venture to give full freedom to the press and to the legislature, the intellect thus suppressed or thus hostile will burst forth in collected volume. His partisans have not been trained and disciplined to meet such assailants. They will be as weak as no doubt they will be violent. And the worst is that the intellect thus rising in mass against him will be warped and distorted, like captives who, being kept in chains, exercise their limbs, on escaping, in vehement jumps without definite object. The directors of emancipated opinion may thus be terrible enemies to the Imperial Government, but they will be very unsafe councilors to France. Concurrently with this divorce between the imperial system and the national intellect—a divorce so complete that even your *salons* have lost their wit, and even your caricatures their point—a corruption of manners which the empire, I own, did not originate, but inherit, has become so common that every one owns and nobody blames it. The gorgeous ostentation of the Court has perverted the habits of the people. The intelligence obstructed from other vents betakes itself to speculating for a fortune, and the greed of gain and the passion for show are sapping the noblest elements of the old French manhood. Public opinion stamps with no opprobrium a minister or favorite who profits by a job; and I fear you will find that jobbing pervades all your administrative departments."

"All very true," said De Brézé, with a shrug of the shoulders, and in a tone of levity that seemed to ridicule the assertion he volunteered; "Virtue and Honor banished from courts and *salons* and the cabinets of authors, ascend to fairer heights in the attics of *ouvriers*."

"The *ouvriers*, *ouvriers* of Paris!" cried this terrible German.

"Ay, Monsieur le Comte, what can you say against our *ouvriers?* A German count can not condescend to learn any thing about *ces petits gens.*"

"Monsieur," replied the German, "in the eyes of a statesman there are no *petits gens*, and in those of a philosopher no *petites choses.* We in Germany have too many difficult problems affecting our working classes to solve, not to have induced me to glean all the information I can as to the *ouvriers* of Paris. They have among them men of aspirations as noble as can animate the souls of philosophers and poets, perhaps not the less noble because common-sense and experience can not follow their flight. But as a body, the *ouvriers* of Paris have not been elevated in political morality by the benevolent aim of the Emperor to find them ample work and good wages independent of the natural laws that regulate the markets of labor. Accustomed thus to consider the state bound to maintain them, the moment the state fails in that impossible task, they will accommodate their honesty to a rush upon property under the name of social reform. Have you not noticed how largely increased within the last few years is the number of those who cry out, '*La Propriété, c'est le vol!*' Have you considered the rapid growth of the International Association? I do not say that for all these evils the empire is exclusively responsible. To a certain degree they are found in all rich communities, especially where democracy is more or less in the ascendant. To a certain extent they exist in the large towns of Germany; they are conspicuously increasing in England; they are acknowledged to be dangerous in the United States of America; they are, I am told on good authority, making themselves visible with the spread of civilization in Russia. But under the French empire they have become glaringly rampant, and I venture to predict that the day is not far off when the rot at work throughout all layers and strata of French society will insure a fall of the fabric at the sound of which the world will ring.

"There is many a fair and stately tree which continues to throw out its leaves and rear its crest till suddenly the wind smites it, and then, and not till then, the trunk which seems so solid is found to be but the rind to a mass of crumbled powder."

"Monsieur le Comte," said the Vicomte, "you are a severe critic and a lugubrious prophet. But a German is so safe from revolution that he takes alarm at the stir of movement which is the normal state of the French *esprit*."

"French *esprit* may soon evaporate into Parisian *bêtise*. As to Germany being safe from revolution, allow me to repeat a saying of Goethe's—but has M. le Comte ever heard of Goethe?"

"Goethe, of course—*très joli ecrivain.*"

"Goethe said to some one who was making much the same remark as yourself, 'We Germans are in a state of revolution now, but we do things so slowly that it will be a hundred years before we Germans shall find it out. But when completed, it will be the greatest revolution society has yet seen, and will last like the other revolutions that, beginning, scarce noticed, in Germany, have transformed the world.'"

"*Diable*, M. le Comte! Germans transformed the world! What revolutions do you speak of?"

"The invention of gunpowder, the invention of printing, and the expansion of a monk's quarrel with his Pope into the Lutheran revolution."

Here the German paused, and asked the Vicomte to introduce him to Vane, which De Brézé did by the title of Count von Rudesheim. On hearing Vane's name, the Count inquired if he were related to the orator and statesman, George Graham Vane, whose opinions, uttered in Parliament, were still authoritative among German thinkers. This compliment to his deceased father immensely gratified, but at the same time considerably surprised, the Englishman. His father, no doubt, had been a man of much influence in the British House of Commons—a very weighty speaker, and, while in office, a first-rate administrator; but Englishmen know what a House of Commons reputation is—how fugitive, how little cosmopolitan; and that a German count should ever have heard of his father delighted but amazed him. In stating himself to be the son of George Graham Vane, he intimated not only the delight, but the amaze, with the frank *savoir vivre* which was one of his salient characteristics.

"Sir," replied the German, speaking in very correct English, but still with his national accent, "every German reared to political service studies England as the school for practical thought distinct from impracticable theories. Long may you allow us to do so; only excuse me one remark; never let the selfish element of the practical supersede the generous element. Your father never did so in his speeches, and therefore we admired him. At the present day we don't so much care to study English speeches. They may be insular—they are not European. I honor England; Heaven grant that you may not be making sad mistakes in the belief that you can long remain England if you cease to be European." Herewith the German bowed, not uncivilly—on the contrary, somewhat ceremoniously—and disappeared with a Prussian secretary of embassy, whose arm he linked in his own, into a room less frequented.

"Vicomte, who and what is your German count?" asked Vane.

"A solemn pedant," answered the lively Vicomte—"a German count, *que voulez-vous de plus?*"

CHAPTER VII.

A LITTLE later Graham found himself alone among the crowd. Attracted by the sound of music, he had strayed into one of the rooms whence it came, and in which, though his range of acquaintance at Paris was, for an Englishman, large and somewhat miscellaneous, he recognized no familiar countenance. A lady was playing the piano-forte—playing remarkably well—with accurate science, with that equal lightness and strength of finger which produces brilliancy of execution. But to appreciate her music one should be musical one's self. It wanted the charm that fascinates the uninitiated. The guests in the room were musical connoisseurs—a class with whom Graham Vane had nothing in common. Even if he had been more capable of enjoying the excellence of the player's performance, the glance he directed toward her would have sufficed to chill him into indifference. She was not young, and, with prominent features and puckered skin, was twisting her face into strange sentimental grimaces, as if terribly overcome by the beauty and pathos of her own melodies. To add to Vane's displeasure, she was dressed in a costume wholly antagonistic to his views of the becoming—in a Greek jacket of gold and scarlet, contrasted by a Turkish turban.

Muttering "What she-mountebank have we here?" he sank into a chair behind the door, and fell into an absorbed reverie. From this he was aroused by the cessation of the music, and the hum of subdued approbation by which it was followed. Above the hum swelled the imposing voice of M. Louvier, as he rose from a seat on the other side of the piano, by which his bulky form had been partially concealed.

"Bravo! perfectly played—excellent! Can we not persuade your charming young countrywoman to gratify us even by a single song?" Then turning aside and addressing some one else invisible to Graham, he said, "Does that tyrannical doctor still compel you to silence, mademoiselle?"

A voice so sweetly modulated that if there were any sarcasm in the words it was lost in the softness of pathos, answered, "Nay, M. Louvier, he rather overtasks the words at my command in thankfulness to those who, like yourself, so kindly regard me as something else than a singer."

It was not the she-mountebank who thus spoke. Graham rose and looked round with instinctive curiosity. He met the face that he said had haunted him. She too had risen, standing near the piano, with one hand tenderly resting on the she-mountebank's scarlet and gilded shoulder—the face that haunted him, and yet with a difference. There was a faint blush on the clear pale cheek, a soft yet playful light in the grave dark blue eyes, which had not been visible in the countenance of the young lady in the pearl-colored robe. Graham did not hear Louvier's reply, though no doubt it was loud enough for him to hear. He sank again into reverie. Other guests now came into the room, among them Frank Morley, styled colonel (eminent military titles in the States do not always denote eminent military services), a wealthy American, and his sprightly and beautiful wife. The Colonel was a clever man, rather stiff in his deportment, and grave in speech, but by no means without a vein of dry humor. By the French he was esteemed a high-bred specimen of the kind of *grand seigneur* which democratic republics engender. He spoke French like a Parisian, had an imposing presence, and spent a great deal of money with the elegance of a man of taste and the generosity of a man of heart. His high breeding was not quite so well understood by the English, because the English are apt to judge breeding by little conventional rules not observed by the American colonel. He had a slight nasal twang, and introduced "Sir" with redundant ceremony in addressing Englishmen, however intimate he might be with them, and had the habit (perhaps with a sly intention to startle or puzzle them) of adorning his style of conversation with quaint Americanisms.

Nevertheless, the genial amiability and the inherent dignity of his character made him acknowledged as a thorough gentleman by every Englishman, however conventional in tastes, who became admitted into his intimate acquaintance.

Mrs. Morley, ten or twelve years younger than her husband, had no nasal twang, and employed no Americanisms in her talk, which was frank, lively, and at times eloquent. She had a great ambition to be esteemed of a masculine understanding: Nature unkindly frustrated that ambition in rendering her a model of feminine grace. Graham was intimately acquainted with Colonel Morley; and with Mrs. Morley had contracted one of those cordial friendships which, perfectly free alike from polite flirtation and Platonic attachment, do sometimes spring up between persons of opposite sexes without the slightest danger of changing its honest character into morbid sentimentality or unlawful passion. The Morleys stopped to accost Graham, but the lady had scarcely said three words to him before, catching sight of the haunting face, she darted toward it. Her husband, less emotional, bowed at the distance, and said, "To my taste, Sir, the Signorina Cicogna is the loveliest girl in the present *bee*,* and full of mind, Sir."

"Singing mind," said Graham, sarcastically, and in the ill-natured impulse of a man striving to check his inclination to admire.

"I have not heard her sing," replied the American, dryly; "and the words 'singing mind' are doubtless accurately English, since you employ them; but at Boston the collocation would be deemed barbarous. You fly off the handle. The epithet, Sir, is not in concord with the substantive."

"Boston would be in the right, my dear Colonel. I stand rebuked; mind has little to do with singing."

"I take leave to deny that, Sir. You fire into the wrong flock, and would not hazard the remark if you had conversed as I have with Signorina Cicogna."

Before Graham could answer, Signorina Cicogna stood before him, leaning lightly on Mrs. Morley's arm.

"Frank, you must take us into the refreshment-room," said Mrs. Morley to her husband; and then, turning to Graham, added, "Will you help to make way for us?"

Graham bowed, and offered his arm to the fair speaker.

"No," said she, taking her husband's. "Of course you know the signorina, or as we usually call her, Mademoiselle Cicogna. No? allow me to present you—Mr. Graham Vane—Mademoiselle Cicogna. Mademoiselle speaks English like a native."

And thus abruptly Graham was introduced to the owner of the haunting face. He had lived too much in the great world all his life to retain the innate shyness of an Englishman, but he certainly was confused and embarrassed when his eyes met Isaura's, and he felt her hand on his arm. Before quitting the room, she paused and looked back—Graham's look followed her own, and saw behind them the lady with the scarlet jacket escorted by some portly and decorated connoisseur. Isaura's face brightened to another kind of brightness—a pleased and tender light.

"Poor dear *madre*," she murmured to herself, in Italian.

"*Madre*," echoed Graham, also in Italian. "I have been misinformed, then: that lady is your mother?"

Isaura laughed a pretty low silvery laugh, and replied in English, "She is not my mother, but I call her *madre*, for I know no name more loving."

Graham was touched, and said, gently, "Your own mother was evidently very dear to you."

Isaura's lip quivered, and she made a slight movement as if she would have withdrawn her hand from his arm. He saw that he had offended or wounded her, and with the straightforward frankness natural to him, resumed, quickly,

"My remark was impertinent in a stranger; forgive it."

"There is nothing to forgive, monsieur."

The two now threaded their way through the crowd, both silent. At last Isaura, thinking she ought to speak first in order to show that Graham had not offended her, said,

"How lovely Mrs. Morley is!"

"Yes, and I like the spirit and ease of her American manner: have you known her long, mademoiselle?"

"No; we met her for the first time some weeks ago at M. Savarin's."

"Was she very eloquent on the rights of women?"

"What! you have heard her on that subject?"

"I have rarely heard her on any other, though she is the best and perhaps the cleverest friend I have at Paris; but that may be my fault, for I like to start it. It is a relief to the languid small-talk of society to listen to any one thoroughly in earnest upon turning the world topsy-turvy."

"Do you suppose poor Mrs. Morley would seek to do that if she had her rights?" asked Isaura, with her musical laugh.

"Not a doubt of it; but perhaps you share her opinions."

"I scarcely know what her opinions are, but—"

"Yes—but—"

"There is a—what shall I call it?—a persuasion—a sentiment—out of which the opinions probably spring that I do share."

"Indeed? a persuasion, a sentiment, for instance, that a woman should have votes in the choice of legislators, and, I presume, in the task of legislation?"

"No, that is not what I mean. Still, that is an opinion, right or wrong, which grows out of the sentiment I speak of."

"Pray explain the sentiment."

"It is always so difficult to define a sentiment, but does it not strike you that in proportion as the tendency of modern civilization has been to raise women more and more to an intellectual equality with men—in proportion as they read and study and think—an uneasy sentiment, perhaps querulous, perhaps unreasonable, grows up within their minds that the conventions of the world are against the complete development of the faculties thus aroused and the ambition thus animated; that they can not but rebel, though it may be silently, against the notions of the former age, when women were not thus educated; notions that the aim of the sex should be to steal through life unremarked; that it is a reproach to be talked of; that women are plants to be kept in a hot-house, and forbidden the frank liberty of growth in the natural air and sunshine of heaven. This, at least, is a sentiment which has sprung up within myself, and I imagine that it is the sentiment which has given birth to many of the opinions or doctrines that seem absurd, and very likely are so to the general public. I don't pretend even to have considered those doctrines. I don't pretend to say what may be the remedies for the restlessness and uneasiness I feel. I doubt if on this earth there be any remedies; all I know is that I feel restless and uneasy."

Graham gazed on her countenance as she spoke, with an astonishment not unmingled with tenderness and compassion—astonishment at the contrast between a vein of reflection so hardy, expressed in a style of language that seemed to him so masculine, and the soft velvet dreamy eyes, the gentle tones, and delicate purity of hues rendered younger still by the blush that deepened their bloom.

At this moment they had entered the refreshment-room; but a dense group being round the table, and both perhaps forgetting the object for which Mrs. Morley had introduced them to each other, they had mechanically seated themselves on an ottoman in a recess while Isaura was yet speaking. It must seem as strange to the reader as it did to Graham that such a speech should have been spoken by so young a girl to an acquaintance so new. But in truth Isaura was very little conscious of Graham's presence. She had got on a subject that perplexed and tormented her solitary thoughts—she was but thinking aloud.

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* *Bee*, a common expression in "the West" for a meeting or gathering of people.

"I believe," said Graham, after a pause, "that I comprehend your sentiment much better than I do Mrs. Morley's opinions; but permit me one observation. You say, truly, that the course of modern civilization has more or less affected the relative position of woman cultivated beyond that level on which she was formerly contented to stand—the nearer perhaps to the heart of man because not lifting her head to his height—and hence a sense of restlessness, uneasiness. But do you suppose that, in this whirl and dance of the atoms which compose the rolling ball of the civilized world, it is only women that are made restless and uneasy? Do you not see, amidst the masses congregated in the wealthiest cities of the world, writhings and struggles against the received order of things? In this sentiment of discontent there is a certain truthfulness, because it is an element of human nature; and how best to deal with it is a problem yet unsolved. But in the opinions and doctrines to which, among the masses, the sentiment gives birth, the wisdom of the wisest detects only the certainty of a common ruin, offering for reconstruction the same building materials as the former edifice—materials not likely to be improved because they may be defaced. Ascend from the working classes to all others in which civilized culture prevails, and you will find that same restless feeling—the fluttering of untried wings against the bars between wider space and their longings. Could you poll all the educated ambitious young men in England—perhaps in Europe—at least half of them, divided between a reverence for the past and a curiosity as to the future, would sigh, 'I am born a century too late or a century too soon!'"

Isaura listened to this answer with a profound and absorbing interest. It was the first time that a clever young man talked thus sympathetically to her, a clever young girl.

Then rising, he said, "I see your *madre* and our American friends are darting angry looks at me. They have made room for us at the table, and are wondering why I should keep you thus from the good things of this little life. One word more ere we join them—Consult your own mind, and consider whether your uneasiness and unrest are caused solely by conventional shackles on your sex. Are they not equally common to the youth of ours?—common to all who seek in art, in letters, nay, in the stormier field of active life, to clasp as a reality some image yet seen but as a dream?"

CHAPTER VIII.

No further conversation in the way of sustained dialogue took place that evening between Graham and Isaura.

The Americans and the Savarins clustered round Isaura when they quitted the refreshment-room. The party was breaking up. Vane would have offered his arm again to Isaura, but M. Savarin had forestalled him. The American was dispatched by his wife to see for the carriage; and Mrs. Morley said, with her wonted sprightly tone of command,

"Now, Mr. Vane, you have no option but to take care of me to the shawl-room."

Madame Savarin and Signora Venosta had each found their cavaliers, the Italian still retaining hold of the portly connoisseur, and the Frenchwoman accepting the safeguard of the Vicomte de Brézé. As they descended the stairs, Mrs. Morley asked Graham what he thought of the young lady to whom she had presented him.

"I think she is charming," answered Graham.

"Of course; that is the stereotyped answer to all such questions, especially by you Englishmen. In public or in private, England is the mouth-piece of platitudes."

"It is natural for an American to think so. Every child that has just learned to speak uses bolder expressions than its grandmamma; but I am rather at a loss to know by what novelty of phrase an American would have answered your question."

"An American would have discovered that Isaura Cicogna had a soul, and his answer would have confessed it."

"It strikes me that he would then have uttered a platitude more stolid than mine. Every Christian knows that the dullest human being has a soul. But, to speak frankly, I grant that my answer did not do justice to the signorina, nor to the impression she makes on me; and putting aside the charm of the face, there is a charm in a mind that seems to have gathered stores of reflection which I should scarcely have expected to find in a young lady brought up to be a professional singer."

"You add prejudice to platitude, and are horribly prosaic to-night; but here we are in the shawl-room. I must take another opportunity of attacking you. Pray dine with us to-morrow; you will meet our minister and a few other pleasant friends."

"I suppose I must not say, 'I shall be charmed,'" answered Vane; "but I shall be."

"*Bon Dieu!* that horrid fat man has deserted Signora Venosta—looking for his own cloak, I dare say. Selfish monster!—go and hand her to her carriage—quick, it is announced!"

Graham, thus ordered, hastened to offer his arm to the she-mountebank. Somehow she had acquired dignity in his eyes, and he did not feel the least ashamed of being in contact with the scarlet jacket.

The signora grappled to him with a confiding familiarity.

"I am afraid," she said, in Italian, as they passed along the spacious hall to the *porte cochère*—"I am afraid that I did not make a good effect to-night—I was nervous: did not you perceive it?"

"No, indeed; you enchanted us all," replied the dissimulator.

"How amiable you are to say so!—you must think that I sought for a compliment. So I did—you gave me more than I deserved. Wine is the milk of old men, and praise of old women. But an old man may be killed by too much wine, and an old woman lives all the longer for too much praise—*buona notte.*"

Here she sprang, lithesomely enough, into the carriage, and Isaura followed, escorted by M. Savarin. As the two men returned toward the shawl-room, the Frenchman said, "Madame Savarin and I complain that you have not let us see so much of you as we ought. No doubt you are greatly sought after; but are you free to take your soup with us the day after to-morrow? You will meet a select few of my *confrères.*"

"The day after to-morrow I will mark with a white stone. To dine with M. Savarin is an event to a man who covets distinction."

"Such compliments reconcile an author to his trade. You deserve the best return I can make you. You will meet *la belle Isaure*. I have just engaged her and her *chaperon*. She is a girl of true genius, and genius is like those objects of *virtu* which belong to a former age, and become every day more scarce and more precious."

Here they encountered Colonel Morley and his wife hurrying to their carriage. The American stopped Vane, and whispered, "I am glad, Sir, to hear from my wife that you dine with us to-morrow. Sir, you will meet Mademoiselle Cicogna, and I am not without a kinkle* that you will be enthused."

"This seems like a fatality," soliloquized Vane as he walked through the deserted streets toward his lodging. "I strove to banish that haunting face from my mind. I had half forgotten it, and now—" Here his murmur sank into silence. He was deliberating in very conflicted thought whether or not he should write to refuse the two invitations he had accepted.

"Pooh!" he said at last, as he reached the door of his lodging; "is my reason so weak that it should be influenced by a mere superstition? Surely I know myself too well, and have tried myself too long, to fear that I should be untrue to the duty and ends of my life, even if I found my heart in danger of suffering."

Certainly the Fates do seem to mock our resolves to keep our feet from their ambush, and our hearts from their snare.

How our lives may be colored by that which seems to us the most trivial accident, the merest chance! Suppose that Alain de Rochebriant had been invited to that *réunion* at M. Louvier's, and Graham Vane had accepted some other invitation and passed his evening elsewhere, Alain would probably have been presented to Isaura—what then might have happened? The impression Isaura had already made upon the young Frenchman was not so deep as that made upon Graham; but then, Alain's resolution to efface it was but commenced that day, and by no means yet confirmed. And if *he* had been the first clever young man to talk earnestly to that clever young girl, who can guess what impression he might have made upon her? His conversation might have had less philosophy and strong sense than Graham's, but more of poetic sentiment and fascinating romance.

However, the history of events that do not come to pass is not in the chronicle of the Fates.

BOOK THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

The next day the guests at the Morleys' had assembled when Vane entered. His apology for unpunctuality was cut short by the lively hostess: "Your pardon is granted without the humiliation of asking for it; we know that the characteristic of the English is always to be a little behindhand."

She then proceeded to introduce him to the American minister, to a distinguished American poet, with a countenance striking for mingled sweetness and power, and one or two other of her countrymen sojourning at Paris; and this ceremony over, dinner was announced, and she bade Graham offer his arm to Mademoiselle Cicogna.

"Have you ever visited the United States, mademoiselle?" asked Vane, as they seated themselves at the table.

"No."

"It is a voyage you are sure to make soon."

"Why so?"

"Because report says you will create a great sensation at the very commencement of your career, and the New World is ever eager to welcome each celebrity that is achieved in the Old, more especially that which belongs to your enchanting art."

"True, Sir," said an American senator, solemnly striking into the conversation; "we are an appreciative people, and if that lady be as fine a singer as I am told, she might command any amount of dollars."

Isaura colored, and turning to Graham, asked him in a low voice if he were fond of music.

"I ought, of course, to say 'yes,'" answered Graham, in the same tone; "but I doubt if that 'yes' would be an honest one. In some moods music—if a kind of music I like—affects me very deeply; in other moods not at all. And I can not bear much at a time. A concert wearies me shamefully; even an opera always seems to me a great deal too long. But I ought to add that I am no judge of music; that music was never admitted into my education; and, between ourselves, I doubt if there be one Englishman in five hundred who would care for opera or concert if it were not the fashion to say he did. Does my frankness revolt you?"

"On the contrary, I sometimes doubt, especially of late, if I am fond of music myself."

"Signorina—pardon me—it is impossible that you should not be. Genius can never be untrue to itself, and must love that in which it excels—that by which it communicates joy, and," he added, with a half-suppressed sigh, "attains to glory."

"Genius is a divine word, and not to be applied to a singer," said Isaura, with a humility in which there was an earnest sadness.

Graham was touched and startled; but before he could answer, the American minister appealed to him across the table, asking him if he had quoted accurately a passage in a speech by Graham's distinguished father, in regard to the share which England ought to take in the political affairs of Europe.

The conversation now became general; very political and very serious. Graham was drawn into it, and grew animated and eloquent.

Isaura listened to him with admiration. She was struck by what seemed to her a nobleness of sentiment which elevated his theme above the level of commonplace polemics. She was pleased to notice, in the attentive silence of his intelligent listeners, that they shared the effect produced on herself. In fact, Graham Vane was a born orator, and his studies had been those of a political thinker. In common talk he was but the accomplished man of the world, easy and frank and genial, with a touch of good-natured sarcasm. But when the subject started drew him upward to those heights in which politics become the science of humanity, he seemed a changed being. His cheek glowed, his eye brightened, his voice mellowed into richer tones, his language became unconsciously adorned. In such moments there might scarcely be an audience, even differing from him in opinion, which would not have acknowledged his spell.

When the party adjourned to the *salon*, Isaura said, softly, to Graham, "I understand why you did not cultivate music; and I think, too, that I can now understand what effects the human voice can produce on human minds, without recurring to the art of song."

"Ah," said Graham, with a pleased smile, "do not make me ashamed of my former rudeness by the revenge of compliment, and, above all, do not disparage your own art by supposing that any prose effect of voice in its utterance of mind can interpret that which music alone can express, even to listeners so uncultivated as myself. Am I not told truly by musical composers, when I ask them to explain in words what they say in their music, that such explanation is impossible, that music has a language of its own untranslatable by words?"

"Yes," said Isaura, with thoughtful brow but brightening eyes, "you are told truly. It was only the other day that I was pondering over that truth."

"But what recesses of mind, of heart, of soul, this untranslatable language penetrates and brightens up! How incomplete the grand nature of man—though man the grandest—would be, if you struck out of his reason the comprehension of poetry, music, and religion! In each are reached and are sounded deeps in his reason otherwise concealed from himself. History, knowledge, science, stop at the point in which mystery begins. There they meet with the world of shadow. Not an inch of that world can they penetrate without the aid of poetry and religion, two necessities of intellectual man much more nearly allied than the votaries of the practical and the positive suppose. To the aid and elevation of both those necessities comes in music, and there has never existed a religion in the world which has not demanded music as its ally. If, as I said frankly, it is only in certain moods of my mind that I enjoy music, it is only because in certain moods of my mind I am capable of quitting the guidance of prosaic reason for the world of shadow; that I am so susceptible as at every hour, were my nature perfect, I should be to the mysterious influences of poetry and religion. Do you understand what I wish to express?"

"Yes, I do, and clearly."

"Then, signorina, you are forbidden to undervalue the gift of song. You must feel its power over the heart when you enter the opera-house; over the soul, when you kneel in a cathedral."

"Oh," cried Isaura, with enthusiasm, a rich glow mantling over her lovely face, "how I thank you! Is it you who say you do not love music? How much better you understand it than I did till this moment!"

Here Mrs. Morley, joined by the American poet, came to the corner in which the Englishman and the singer had niched themselves. The poet began to talk, the other guests gathered round, and every one listened reverentially until the party broke up. Colonel Morley handed Isaura to her carriage; the she-mountebank again fell to the lot of Graham.

"Signor," said she, as he respectfully placed her shawl round her scarlet-and-gilt jacket, "are we so far from Paris that you can not spare the time to call? My child does not sing in public, but at home you can hear her. It is not every woman's voice that is sweetest at home."

Graham bowed, and said he would call on the morrow.

Isaura mused in silent delight over the words which had so extolled the art of the singer. Alas, poor child! she could not guess that in those words, reconciling her to the profession of the stage, the speaker was pleading against his own heart.

There was in Graham's nature, as I think it commonly is in that of most true orators, a wonderful degree of *intellectual conscience*, which impelled him to acknowledge the benignant influences of song, and to set before the young singer the noblest incentives to the profession to which he deemed her assuredly destined. But in so doing he must have felt that he was widening the gulf between her life and his own. Perhaps he wished to widen it in proportion as he dreaded to listen to any voice in his heart which asked if the gulf might not be overleaped.

CHAPTER II.

On the morrow Graham called at the villa at A——. The two ladies received him in Isaura's chosen sitting-room.

Somehow or other conversation at first languished. Graham was reserved and distant, Isaura shy and embarrassed.

The Venosta had the *frais* of making talk to herself. Probably at another time Graham would have been amused and interested in the observation of a character new to him, and thoroughly southern—lovable, not more from its *naïve* simplicity of kindliness than from various little foibles and vanities, all of which were harmless, and some of them endearing as those of a child whom it is easy to make happy, and whom it seems so cruel to pain; and with all the Venosta's deviations from the polished and tranquil good taste of the *beau monde*, she had that indescribable grace which rarely deserts a Florentine, so that you might call her odd, but not vulgar; while, though uneducated, except in the way of her old profession, and never having troubled herself to read any thing but a *libretto*, and the pious books commended to her by her confessor, the artless babble of her talk every now and then flashed out with a quaint humor, lighting up terse fragments of the old Italian wisdom which had mysteriously embedded themselves in the groundwork of her mind.

But Graham was not at this time disposed to judge the poor Venosta kindly or fairly. Isaura had taken high rank in his thoughts. He felt an impatient resentment, mingled with anxiety and compassionate tenderness, at a companionship which seemed to him derogatory to the position he would have assigned to a creature so gifted, and unsafe as a guide amidst the perils and trials to which the youth, the beauty, and the destined profession of Isaura were exposed. Like most Englishmen—especially Englishmen wise in the knowledge of life—he held in fastidious regard the proprieties and conventions by which the dignity of woman is fenced round; and of those proprieties and conventions the Venosta naturally appeared to him a very unsatisfactory guardian and representative.

Happily unconscious of those hostile prepossessions, the elder signora chatted on very gayly to the visitor. She was in excellent spirits; people had been very civil to her both at Colonel Morley's and M. Louvier's. The American minister had praised the scarlet jacket. She was convinced she had made a sensation two nights running. When the *amour propre* is pleased the tongue is freed.

The Venosta ran on in praise of Paris and the Parisians; of Louvier and his *soirée* and the pistachio ice; of the Americans, and a certain *crême de maraschino* which she hoped the Signor Inglese had not failed to taste. The *crême de maraschino* led her thoughts back to Italy. Then she grew mournful—how she missed the native *beau ciel!* Paris was pleasant, but how absurd to call it "*le Paradis des Femmes*"—as if *les Femmes* could find Paradise in a *brouillard!*

"But," she exclaimed, with vivacity of voice and gesticulation, "the signor does not come to hear the parrot talk. He is engaged to come that he may hear the nightingale sing. A drop of honey attracts the fly more than a bottle of vinegar."

Graham could not help smiling at this adage. "I submit," said he, "to your comparison as regards myself; but certainly any thing less like a bottle of vinegar than your amiable conversation I can not well conceive. However, the metaphor apart, I scarcely know how I dare ask mademoiselle to sing after the confession I made to her last night."

"What confession?" asked the Venosta.

"That I know nothing of music, and doubt if I can honestly say that I am fond of it."

"Not fond of music! Impossible! You slander yourself. He who loves not music would have a dull time of it in heaven. But you are English, and perhaps have only heard the music of your own country. Bad, very bad—a heretic's music! Now listen."

Seating herself at the piano, she began an air from the *Lucia*, crying out to Isaura to come and sing to her accompaniment.

"Do you really wish it?" asked Isaura of Graham, fixing on him questioning, timid eyes.

"I can not say how much I wish to hear you."

Isaura moved to the instrument, and Graham stood behind her. Perhaps he felt that he should judge more impartially of her voice if not subjected to the charm of her face.

But the first note of the voice held him spellbound: in itself, the organ was of the rarest order, melow and rich, but so soft that its power was lost in its sweetness, and so exquisitely fresh in every note.

But the singer's charm was less in voice than in feeling—she conveyed to the listener so much more than was said by the words, or even implied by the music. Her song in this caught the art of the painter who impresses the mind with the consciousness of a something which the eye can not detect on the canvas.

She seemed to breathe out from the depths of her heart the intense pathos of the original romance, so far exceeding that of the opera—the human tenderness, the mystic terror of a tragic

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* A notion.